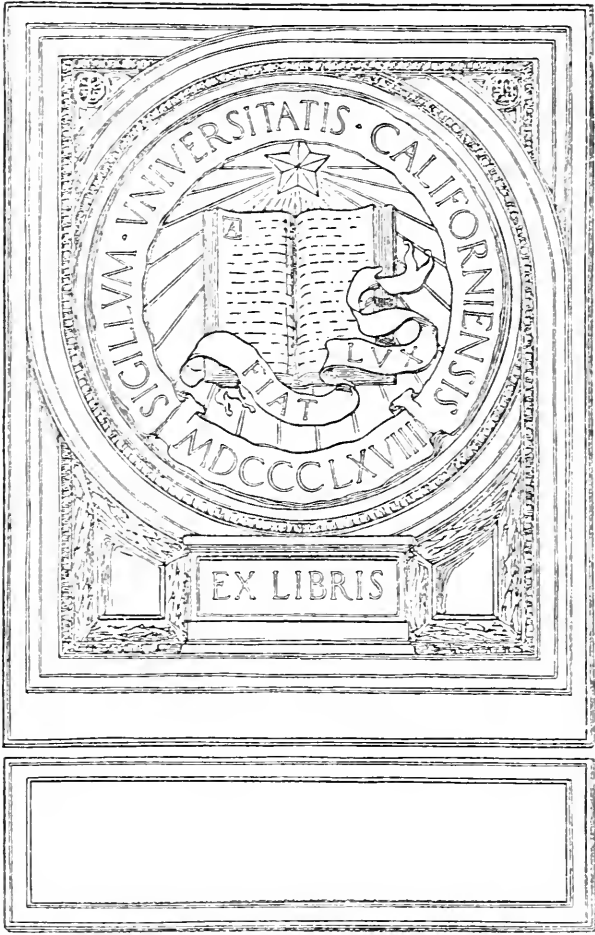


UC-NRLF



B 3 539 611









---

POLLY PEABLOSSOM'S WEDDING,

AND OTHER TALES.

---



# POLLY PEABLOSSOM'S WEDDING;

AND

## OTHER TALES.

BY THE

HON. J. B. LAMAR, HON. R. M. CHARLTON,

AND THE AUTHORS OF "MAJOR JONES'S COURTSHIP," "STREAKS OF  
SQUATTER LIFE," ETC., ETC.

EDITED BY

T. A. BURKE, ESQ.,

EDITOR OF THE "HORN OF MIRTH."

With Numerous Illustrations

PHILADELPHIA:

GETZ & BUCK,

NO. 4 HART'S BUILDINGS.

1854.

9172  
B959  
L

---

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by

A. HART,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the  
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

---

John C. Robb, Printer. No. 8 Fear St.

THIS VOLUME OF SKETCHES

IS DEDICATED

TO

JOHNSON J. HOOPER, Esq.,

OF LAFAYETTE, ALABAMA,

(AUTHOR OF ADVENTURES OF SIMON SUGGS,)

AS A TOKEN OF RESPECT, AND A SLIGHT RETURN FOR  
THE MANY FAVOURS WHICH THE EDITOR IS  
PROUD TO ACKNOWLEDGE AT HIS  
HANDS.

1847



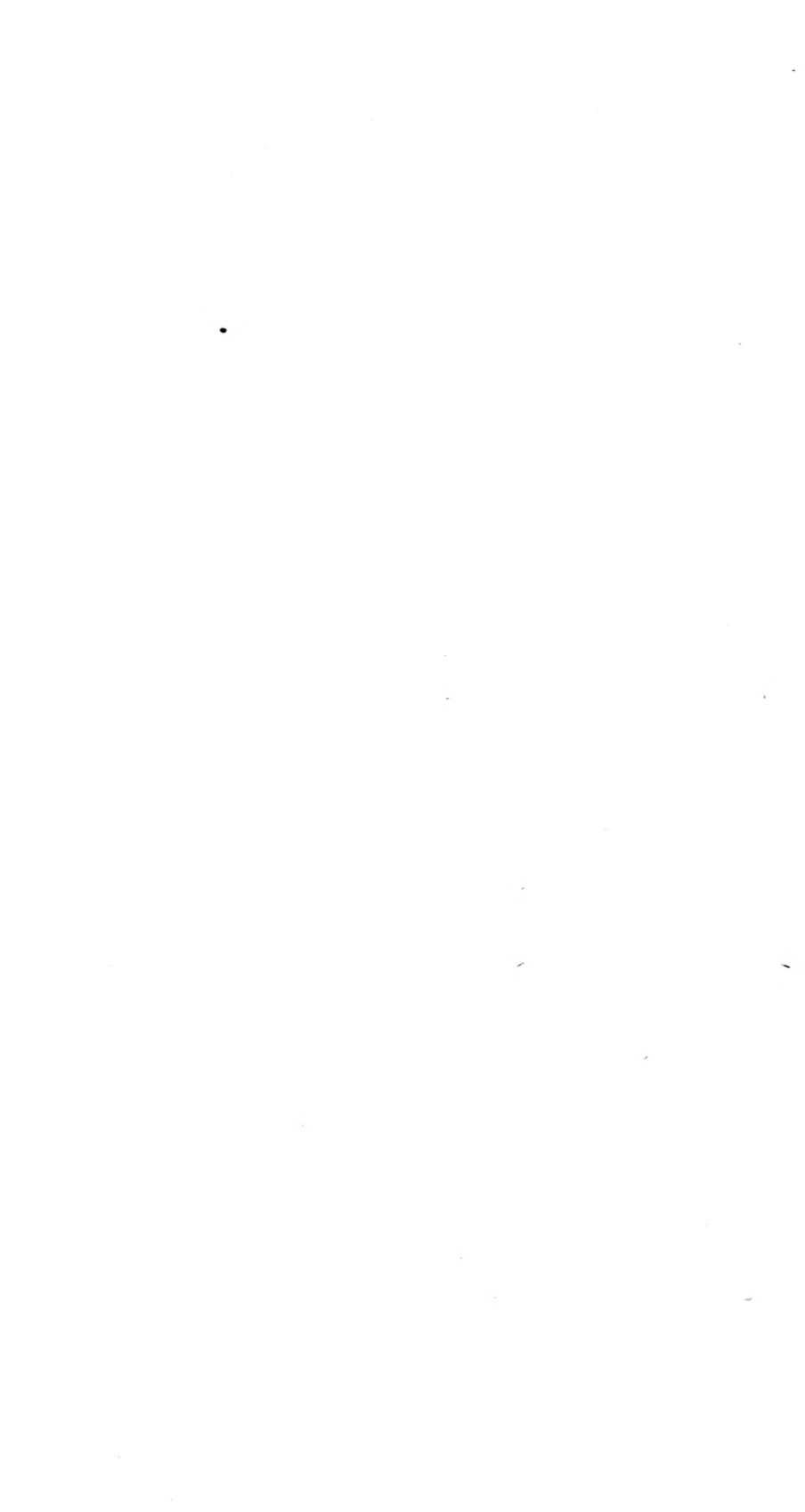
## INTRODUCTORY.

---

THE present volume is made up of sketches from many of the best Humorous Writers, and several of them have been so re-written by their Authors, as to be very different from what they were when first published in Magazines, &c. Several others have not appeared before for many years, and will be new to most readers.

To those gentlemen who were kind enough to furnish their articles revised and corrected, the Editor returns his sincere thanks.

MADISON, GA.





## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
POLLY PEABLOSSOM'S WEDDING . . . . .	13
THE UNCLAD HORSEMAN . . . . .	24
THE THIMBLE GAME . . . . .	28
WAR'S YURE HOSS? . . . . .	41
A LOSING GAME OF POKER . . . . .	44
MIKE HOOTER'S BAR STORY . . . . .	49
ELECTRICITY AS A TEMPERANCE AGENT . . . . .	55
M'CRACKEN'S EXPERIENCE . . . . .	59
BINGO . . . . .	61
HOW SALLY HOOTER GOT SNAKE-BIT . . . . .	67
THE "EXPERIENCE" OF THE BLACKSMITH OF THE MOUNTAIN PASS . . . . .	76
"PERTATERS AND TERNUPS" . . . . .	89
THE COON-HUNT; OR, A FENCY COUNTRY . . . . .	94
"DOING" A SHERIFF . . . . .	98
A CASE OF SUPPOSITION . . . . .	102
THE AMATEUR TICKET-VENDER AT THE VARIETIES . . . . .	104

	PAGE
THE TELEGRAPH IN ST. LOUIS . . . . .	108
SMOKING A GRISLY . . . . .	110
WHERE JOE MERIWEATHER WENT TO . . . . .	114
AN ARKANSAS ORIGINAL . . . . .	119
A FEARFUL TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI . . . . .	122
A FRIGHTFUL ADVENTURE IN MISSISSIPPI . . . . .	126
PRACTICAL JOKES AND BAD LIQUOR . . . . .	132
MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE . . . . .	137
SHIFTING THE RESPONSIBILITY . . . . .	143
HOW MIKE HOOTER CAME VERY NEAR "WOLLOPING"	
ARCH COONEY . . . . .	146
THE FIRST PIANO IN NORTHERN ILLINOIS . . . . .	154
PRINTING A HORSE . . . . .	159
THE WAY OLD BILL "WENT OFF" . . . . .	162
A SLEEP-WALKING INCIDENT . . . . .	166
THE LAST BLOODY DUEL FOUGHT IN OHIO . . . . .	176
ANECDOTES OF WESTERN TRAVEL . . . . .	181
A RUNNING FIGHT UPON THE RACKENSAC . . . . .	191

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS:

DESIGNED BY ELLIOTT, AND ENGRAVED BY GIBBON.

---

POLLY PEABLOSSOM'S WEDDING.

ELECTRICITY AS A TEMPERANCE AGENT.

“DOING” A SHERIFF.

HOW MIKE HOOTER CAME VERY NEAR “WOLLOPING”  
ARCH COONY.



## POLLY PEABLOSSOM'S WEDDING.

BY THE HON. JOHN B. LAMAR.

Of the writer of the following sketch we only know that he is a practising lawyer in Macon, Geo., and an ex-member of Congress. Except this sketch, and one or two others of a similar character (one of which we publish), he has written nothing for the press. This is to be regretted, as he certainly has the ability to write well.

“My stars! that parson is *powerful* slow a-coming! I reckon he wa'nt so tedious gitting to his own wedding as he is coming here,” said one of the bridesmaids of Miss Polly Peablossom, as she bit her lips to make them rosy, and peeped into a small looking-glass for the twentieth time.

“He preaches enough about the shortness of a lifetime,” remarked another pouting Miss, “and how we ought to improve our opportunities, not to be creeping along like a snail, when a whole wedding party is waiting for him, and the waffles are getting cold, and the chickens burning to a crisp.”

“Have patience, girls, maybe the man's lost his spurs and can't get along any faster,” was the consolatory appeal of an arch-looking damsel, as she finished the last of a bunch of grapes.

“Or perhaps his old fox-eared horse has jumped out of the pasture, and the old gentleman has to take it a-foot,” surmised the fourth bridesmaid.

The bride used industrious efforts to appear patient and rather indifferent amid the general restiveness of her aids, and would occasionally affect extreme merriment; but her shrewd attendants charged her with being *fidgety*, and rather more uneasy than she wanted folks to believe.

“Hello, Floyd!” shouted old Captain Peablossom out of doors to his copperas-trowsered son, who was entertaining the young beaux of the neighbourhood with feats of agility in jumping with weights—“Floyd, throw down them rocks, and put the bridle on old Snip, and ride down the road and see if you can’t see Parson Gypsey, and tell him hurry along, we are all waiting for him. He must think weddings are like his meetings, that can be put off to the ‘Sunday after the fourth Saturday in next month,’ after the crowd’s all gathered and ready to hear the preaching. If you don’t meet him, go *clean* to his house. I ’spect he’s heard that Bushy Creek Ned’s here with his fiddle, and taken a scare.”

As the night was wearing on, and no parson had come yet to unite the destinies of George Washington Hodgkins and “the amiable and accomplished” Miss Polly Peablossom, the former individual intimated to his *intended* the propriety of passing off the time by having a dance.

Polly asked her Ma, and her Ma, after arguing that it was not the fashion in her *time*, in North Carolina, to dance before the *ceremony*, at last consented.

The artist from Bushy Creek was called in, and after much tuning and spitting on the screws, he struck up “Money Musk;” and away went the country-dance, Polly Peablossom at the head, with Thomas Jefferson

Hodgkins as her partner, and George Washington Hodgkins next, with Polly's sister, Luvisa, for his partner. Polly danced to every gentleman, and Thomas Jefferson danced to every lady; then up and down in the middle and hands all round. Next came George Washington and his partner, who underwent the same process; "and so on through the whole," as Daboll's Arithmetic says.

The yard was lit up by three or four large lightwood fires, which gave a picturesque appearance to the groups outside. On one side of the house was Daniel Newnan Peablossom and a bevy of youngsters, who either could not or did not desire to get into the dance—probably the former—and who amused themselves by jumping and wrestling. On the other side a group of matrons sat under the trees, in chairs, and discoursed of the mysteries of making butter, curing chickens of the pip and children of the croup, besides lamenting the misfortunes of some neighbour, or the indiscretion of some neighbour's daughter, who had run away and married a circus-reader. A few pensive couples, eschewing the "giddy dance," promenaded the yard and admired the moon, or "wondered if all *them* little stars were worlds like this." Perhaps they may have sighed sentimentally at the folly of the musquitoes and bugs which were attracted round the fires to get their pretty little wings scorched and lose their precious lives; or they may have talked of "true love," and plighted their vows, for aught we know.

Old Captain Peablossom and his pipe, during the while, were the centre of a circle in front of the house who had gathered around the old man's arm-chair to listen to his "twice-told tales" of "hair-breadth 'scapes," of "the battles and sieges he had passed;" for you must know the captain was no "summer soldier and sunshine

patriot;" he had burned gunpowder in defence of his beloved country.

At the especial request of Squire Tompkins, the captain narrated the perilous adventures of Newnan's little band among the Seminoles. How "bold Newnan" and his men lived on alligator flesh and parched corn, and marched barefooted through saw-palmetto; how they met Bowlegs and his warriors near Paine's Prairie, and what fighting was there. The amusing incident of Bill Cone and the terrapin shell, raised shouts of laughter among the young brood, who had flocked around to hear of the wars. Bill (the "Camden Bard," peace to his ashes), as the captain familiarly called him, was sitting one day against the logs of the breastwork, drinking soup out of a terrapin shell, when a random shot from the enemy broke the shell and spilt his soup, whereupon he raised his head over the breastwork and sung out, "Oh! you villain, you couldn't do that again if you tried forty times." Then the captain, after repeated importunities, laid down his pipe, cleared his throat, and sung,

"We marched on to our next station,  
The Ingens on before did hide,  
They shot and killed Bold Newnan's nigger,  
And two *other* white men by his side."

The remainder of the epic we have forgotten.

After calling out for a *chunk* of fire and relighting his pipe, he dashed at once over into Alabama, in General Floyd's army, and fought the battles of Calebee and Otassee over again in detail. The artillery from Baldwin county blazed away, and made the little boys aforesaid think they could hear thunder almost, and the rifles from Putnam made their patriotic young spirits long to revenge that gallant corps. And the squire was astonished at the



narrow escape his friend had of falling into the hands of Weatherford and his savages, when he was miraculously rescued by Timpoochie Barnard, the Utchee chief.

At this stage of affairs, Floyd (*not the general*, but the ambassador) rode up, with a mysterious look on his countenance. The dancers left off in the middle of a set, and assembled around the messenger, to hear the news of the parson. The old ladies crowded up, too, and the captain and the squire were eager to hear. But Floyd felt the importance of his situation, and was in no hurry to divest himself of the momentary dignity.

“Well, as I rode on down to Boggy Gut, I saw—”

“Who cares what the devil you saw?” exclaimed the impatient captain; “tell us if the parson is coming, first, and you may take all night to tell the balance, if you like, afterwards.”

“I saw—” continued Floyd, pertinaciously.

“Well, my dear, what did you see?” asked Mrs. Peablossom.

“I saw that some one had *taken* away some of the rails on the cross way, or they had washed away or somehow—”

“Did anybody ever hear the like?” said the captain.

“And so I got down,” continued Floyd, “and hunted some more and fixed over the boggy place.”

Here Polly laid her hand on his arm and requested, with a beseeching look, to know if the parson was on the way.

“I’ll tell you all about it presently, Polly. And when I got to the run of the creek, then—”

“Oh, the devil!” ejaculated Captain Peablossom, “stalled again!”

“Be still, honey, let the child tell it his own way—he always would have his way, you know, since we had to

humour him so when he had the measles," interposed the old lady.

Daniel Newnan Peablossom, at this juncture, facetiously lay down on the ground, with the root of an old oak for his pillow, and called out yawningly to his pa, to "wake him when brother Floyd had crossed over the *run* of the creek and arrived safely at the parson's." This caused loud laughter.

Floyd simply noticed it by observing to his brother, "Yes, you think you're *mighty smart* before all these folks!" and resumed his tedious route to Parson Gypsey's, with as little prospect of reaching the end of his story as ever.

Mrs. Peablossom tried to *coax* him to "*jist*" say if the parson was coming or not. Polly begged him, and all the bridesmaids implored. But Floyd "went on his way rejoicing."

"When I came to the Piney-flat," he continued, "old Snip *seed* something white over in the bay-gall, and shy'd *clean* out o' the road, and——" where he would have stopped, would be hard to say, if the impatient captain had not interfered.

That gentleman, with a peculiar glint of the eye, remarked—"Well, there's one way I can bring him to a showing," as he took a large horn from between the logs, and rung a "wood-note wild" that set a pack of hounds to yelping. A few more notes as loud as those that issued from "Roland's horn at Roncesvalles" was sufficient invitation to every hound, foist, and "cur of low degree," that followed the guests, to join in the chorus. The captain was a man of good lungs, and "the way he *did* blow was the way," as Squire Tompkins afterwards very happily described it; and as there were in the canine choir some thirty voices of every key, the music may be imagined

better than described. Miss Tabitha Tidwell, the first bridesmaid, put her hands to her ears and cried out, "My stars! we shall all git *blow'd* away!"

The desired effect of abbreviating the messenger's story was produced, as that prolix personage in copperas pants, was seen to take Polly aside, and whisper something in her ear.

"Oh, Floyd, you are joking; you oughtn't to serve me so. An't you joking, *bud*?" asked Polly, with a look that seemed to beg he would say yes.

"It's true as preaching," he replied—"the cake's all dough!"

Polly whispered something to her mother, who threw up her hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, my!" and then whispered the secret to some other lady, and away it went. Such whispering and throwing up of hands and eyes, is rarely seen at a quaker meeting. Consternation was in every face. Poor Polly was a very personification of "patience on a monument, smiling green and yellow melancholy."

The captain, discovering that something was the matter, drove off the dogs, and inquired what had happened to cause such confusion. "What the devil's the matter now?" he said. "You all look as *down in the mouth* as we did on the *Santaffee* (St. Fe), when the quartermaster said the provisions had all give out. "What's the matter—won't somebody tell me? Old 'oman, has the dogs got into the kitchen and eat up all the supper, or what else has come to pass? out with it!"

"Ah, old man, bad news!" said the wife, with a sigh.

"Well, what is it? you are *all* getting as bad as Floyd, 'terryfying' a fellow to death."

"Parson *Gympsey* was digging a new horse trough and

*cut his leg to the bone with the foot-adze, and can't come—  
Oh, dear!"*

"I wish he had taken a fancy to 'a done it a week ago, so we 'mout' 'a got another parson, or, as long as no other time would suit but to-day, I wish he had cut his derved eternal head off!"

"Oh, my! husband," exclaimed Mrs. Peablossom. Bushy Creek Ned, standing in the piazza with his fiddle, struck up the old tune of

"We'll dance all night, 'till broad day-light,  
And go home with the *gals* in the morning."

Ned's hint caused a movement towards the dancing room, among the young people, when the captain, as if waking from a revery, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Oh, the devil! what are we all thinking of? *why here's Squire Tompkins, he can perform the ceremony.* If a man can't marry folks, what's the use of being squire at all?"

Manna did not come in better time to the children of Israel in the wilderness, than did this discovery of the worthy captain to the company assembled. It was as vivifying as a shower of rain on corn that is about to shoot and tassel, especially to G. W. Hodgkins and his lady-love.

Squire Tompkins was a newly elected magistrate, and somewhat diffident of his abilities in this untried department. He expressed a hint of the sort, which the captain only noticed with the exclamation, "hoot toot!"

Mrs. Peablossom insinuated to her husband, that in her *day* the "*quality*," or better sort of people in North Carolina, had a prejudice "*agin*" being married by a magistrate; to which the old gentleman replied, "None of your nonsense, old lady, none of your Duplin county aristocracy about here, now. *The better sort of people*, I think

you say! Now, you know North Ca'lina ain't the best State in the Union, nohow, and Duplin's the poorest county in the State. Better sort of people, is it? *Quality*, eh! Who the devil's better than we are? An't we honest? An't we raised our children decent, and learned them how to read, write and cipher? An't I *fou't* under Newnan and Floyd for the country? Why, darn it! we are the *very best* sort of people. Stuff! nonsense! The wedding shall go on; Polly shall have a husband." Mrs. P.'s eyes lit up—her cheek flashed, as she heard "the old North State" spoken of so disparagingly; but she was a woman of good sense, and reserved the castigation for a future curtain lecture.

Things were soon arranged for the wedding; and as the old wooden clock on the mantel-piece struck one, the bridal party were duly arranged on the floor, and the crowd gathered round, eager to observe every twinkle of the bridegroom's eye, and every blush of the blooming bride.

The bridesmaids and their male attendants were arranged in couples, as in a cotillion, to form a hollow square, in the centre of which were the squire and betrothing parties. Each of the attendants bore a candle; Miss Tabitha held hers in a long brass candlestick, which had belonged to Polly's grandmother, in shape and length somewhat resembling "Cleopatra's needle;" Miss Luvisa bore a flat tin one; the third attendant bore such an article as is usually suspended on a nail against the wall, and the fourth had a curiously devised something cut out of wood with a pocket-knife. For want of a further supply of candlesticks, the male attendants held naked candles in their hands. Polly was dressed in white, and wore a bay flower with its green leaves in her hair, and the whisper went round: "Now *don't* she look pretty?" George Washington Hodgkins rejoiced in a white satin

stock, and a vest and pantaloons of orange colour; the vest was straight-collared, like a continental officer's in the revolution, and had eagle buttons on it. They were a fine-looking couple.

When everything was ready, a pause ensued, and all eyes were turned on the squire, who seemed to be undergoing a mental agony, such as Fourth of July orators feel when they forget their speeches, or a boy at an exhibition, when he has to be prompted from behind the scenes. The truth was, Squire Tompkins was a man of forms, but had always taken them from form-books, and never trusted his memory. On this occasion he had no "Georgia Justice," or any other book from which to read the marriage ceremony, and was at a loss how to proceed. He thought over everything he had ever learned "by heart," even to

"Thirty days hath the month of September,  
The same may be said of June, April, November;"

but all in vain; he could recollect nothing that suited such an occasion. A suppressed titter all over the room admonished him that he must proceed with something, and in the agony of desperation, he began,

"*Know all men by these presents that I—*" here he paused and looked up to the ceiling, while an audible voice in a corner of the room was heard to say, "He's drawing up a *deed* to a tract of land," and they all laughed.

"*In the name of God, Amen!*"—he began a second time, only to hear another voice in a loud whisper say—"He's making his *will* now. I thought he couldn't live long, he looks so *powerful bad*."

*"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord—"*

was the next essay, when some erudite gentleman remarked, "He is not dead, but sleepeth."

“*O yes! O yes!*” continued the squire. One voice replied, “Oh no! oh no! don’t let’s;” another whispered, “No ball!” Some person out of doors, sung out, “Come into court!” and the laughter was general. The bridesmaids spilt the tallow from their candles all over the floor, in the vain attempt to look serious. One of them had a red mark on her lip for a month afterwards, where she had bit it. The bridegroom put his hands in his pockets, and took them out again; the bride looked as if she would faint—*and so did the squire!*

But, the squire was an indefatigable man, and kept trying. His next effort was—

“*To all and singular the sher—*” “Let’s run! he’s going to *level* on us,” said two or three at once.

Here a gleam of light flashed across the face of Squire Tompkins. That dignitary looked around all at once, with as much satisfaction as Archimedes could have felt, when he discovered the method of ascertaining the specific gravity of bodies. In a grave and dignified manner, he said, “Mr. Hodgkins, hold up your right hand.” George Washington obeyed, and held up his hand. “Miss Polly, hold up yours.” Polly in her confusion held up the left hand. “The other hand, Miss Peablossom.” And the squire proceeded, in a loud and composed manner, to qualify them: “*You and each of you do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, and the present company, that you will perform toward each other, all and singular the functions of a husband or wife—as the case may be—to the best of your knowledge and ability, so help you God!*”

“Good as wheat!” said Captain Peablossom. “Polly, my gal, come and kiss your old father; I never felt so happy since the day I was discharged from the army, and set out homewards to see your mother.”

## THE UNCLAD HORSEMAN.

BY WM. T. THOMPSON, ESQ.

As the author of "Major Jones's Courtship," Mr. Thompson has gained a lasting reputation as a humorous writer. He first became known to the Southern people as editor of the *Augusta Mirror*, a literary paper published at Augusta, Ga. This paper was afterwards merged into the *Family Companion*, a magazine issued monthly at Macon, Ga., and edited by Mr. T. and Mrs. Sarah Lawrence Griffin. The magazine was discontinued, however, for want of patronage, and Mr. Thompson became editor of the *Western Continent*, at Baltimore. After several years' connexion with this paper, he disposed of it, and is now editor of the *Morning News*, of Savannah, Ga., one of the best daily papers published.

In addition to "Major Jones's Courtship," Mr. T. has published "Major Jones's Sketches of Travel," and the "Chronicles of Pineville." His pictures of Georgia life are true to nature, and prove him to be not inferior, in that line, to Longstreet, the celebrated author of "Georgia Scenes."

WIDOWERS should look out for breakers. Absalom Nippers was a widower, and one of the particularest men, perhaps, that ever lived; though some people said that when his wife was alive he used to dress as a common field hand, and didn't use to take any pains with himself at all. Every body knows how he spruced up about six weeks after Mrs. Nippers died, and how he went to church regular every Sunday; but they didn't have no confidence in his religion, and used to say he only went to church to show his new suit of mourning, and to ogle the gals.

With such a character among the wimmin, it ain't to



be supposed that he stood any chance of getting another Mrs. Nippers near home ; and whether he was as bad to his first wife as they said he was, or not, one thing was certain, he had to look abroad for some one to fill her place.

Mr. Nippers was very lucky in finding a gal just to his mind, what lived about ten miles from his plantation. Nancy Parker was rich, and though she wasn't very young nor very handsome, she belonged to Mr. Nippers' church, and filled his eye exactly ; so he sot in courtin' her with all his might. Ten miles was a good long ride, and as he was an economical man, he used to ride over to old Mrs. Parker's plantation every Sunday morning to go to church with the family, take dinner with them, and ride back in the cool of the evening. In that way he managed to kill two birds with one stone ; that is, to advance the prospect of his happiness on this earth and the world to come at the same time, without losing any of his week-day time.

A ride over a dusty road is apt to soil a gentleman's dry goods, and make him and his horse very tired. However, Mr. Nippers didn't mind the fatigue as much as his horse ; but in a matter such as he had in hand, it was very important that he should make as good an impression as possible, so he adopted a plan by which he was able to present himself before the object of his affections, in order, with his Sunday coat as clean, and his blooming ruffles as fresh and neat as if they had just come out of a band-box. This was a happy expedient, and nobody but a widower lover would think of it. He used to start from home with his new coat and shirt tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and after riding within a quarter of a mile of Mrs. Parker's plantation, he would turn off into a thicket of chinkapin bushes and there make his rural

toilet. One bright Sunday morning Mr. Nippers had arrived at this dressin' ground. It was an important occasion. Everything was promisin', and he had made up his mind to pop the question that very day. There was no doubt in his mind that he would return home an engaged man; and he was reckonin' over to himself the value of Miss Nancy's plantation and niggers, while he was settin' on his horse makin' his accustomed change of dress. He had dropped the reins on his horse's neck, what was browsin' about, makin' up his last night's scanty feed from the bushes in his reach, and kickin' and stampin' at such flies as was feedin' on him in return.

"I'll fix the business this time," ses Mr. Nippers to himself. "I'll bring things to a pint this time," ses he, and he untied his handkerchief with his clean clothes, and he spread them on his saddle-bow.

"Wo, Ball!" says he—"I've just got to say the word, and—wo!" ses he to his horse, what was kickin' and rearin' about. "Wo! you old fool!—and the business is settled jist like fallin' off a log."

He was drawin' his shirt over his head, when Ball gave a sudden spring, what like to made him lose his balance. "Wo!" ses he—but before he could get his arms out of the sleeves, Ball was wheelin' and kickin' like wrath at something that seemed to trouble him behind. Down went the clean clothes, shirt and all, on the ground. "Wo! Blast yer pictur—wo, now!" ses Mr. Nippers, grabbin' at the reins. But before he could get hold of 'em, Ball was off like a streak of lightnin', with a whole swarm of yellow jackets round his tail.

Mr. Nippers grabbed hold of the mane and tried to stop his horse, but it was no use. Away went the infuriated Ball, and takin' the road hē was used to travellin', another moment brought him to the house. The gate was open,

and in dashed the horse with the almost naked Nippers hangin' to his neck, hollerin', "Stop him, hornets!" as loud as he could scream.

On came the dogs, and after the horse they went round the house, scatterin' the ducks and chickens, and terrifyin' the little niggers out of their senses. The noise brung the women to the door.

"Don't look, Miss Nancy! hornets! wo! ketch him!" shouted the unclad Nippers, as, with spent breath, he went dashin' out of the gate agin, with the dogs still after him, and his horse's tail switchin' in every direction like a young hurricane. Miss Nancy got one glimpse of her forlorn lover, and before she could get her apron to her eyes, she fainted at the awful sight, (!) while his fast recedin' voice cryin' "Hornets! stop him! hornets!" still rung in her ears.

## THE THIMBLE GAME.

*An Omitted Georgia Scene.*

BY T. W. LANE.

The subjoined capital sketch is from the pen of quite a young writer, residing in Augusta, Georgia. He has written but little, though one or two of his articles have been quite popular; one, entitled "Baby Jumpers," having been extensively copied. Mr. L. is talented, and only needs to apply himself to become distinguished.

FORTY years ago, Augusta, Ga., presented a very different appearance from the busy and beautiful city of the present day. Its groceries, stores, and extensive warehouses were few in number, and the large quantities of cotton, and other produce, which are still conveyed thither, were transported entirely by wagons. The substantial railroad, which links it with the richest and most beautiful regions of the empire state of the South, was a chimera, not yet conceived in the wild brain of Fancy herself; and many of the improvements, luxuries, and refinements, which now make it the second city in the state, were then "in the shell." Yet, by the honest yeomanry of forty years ago, Augusta was looked upon as Paris and London are now viewed by us. The man who had *never* been there, was a cipher in the community—nothing killed an opinion more surely, nothing stopped the mouth of "argument" sooner, than the sneering taunt, "Pshaw! you ha'n't been to *Augusty*." The atmosphere of this favoured place was supposed to impart

knowledge and wisdom to all who breathed it, and the veriest ass was a Solon and an umpire, if he could discourse fluently of the different localities, and various wonders, of *Augusty*.

The farmers of the surrounding country paid a yearly visit to Augusta, and having sold their "*crap*" of the great Southern staple, and laid in their stock of winter necessaries, returned home with something of that holy satisfaction with which the pious Mohammedan turns his face homeward from Mecca. The first step upon arriving in the city was to lay aside their "*copperas-coloureds*," fabrics of the wife's or daughter's loom, and purchase a new suit of "*store-clothes*." These were immediately donned, and upon returning home, were carefully embalmed, nor again permitted to see the light until the next Sunday at "*meetin'*," when the farmer, with head erect and ample shirt-collar, strutted up the aisle, the lion of the occasion, the "*observed of all observers*" till the next Sabbath, when his neighbour returning with *his* new suit, plucked off his laurels and twined them green and blooming upon the crown of his own shining beaver. These annual trips were *the event* and *era* of the year, and the farmer returned to his home, big with importance and news. The dishonesty and shrewdness of "*them Gimblit fellers*," (Cotton-Buyers,) the extortions of hotel-keepers, the singular failures of warehouse steelyards to make cotton-bales weigh as much in Augusta as at home, the elegant apparel of the city belles and beaux, and the sights and scenes which greeted their astonished gaze, formed the year's staple of conversation and discussion; and it would be difficult to say who experienced the greater delight—the farmer in relating his wondrous adventures, or his wife and daughters in listening to them with open mouths, uplifted hands, and occasional breath-

less ejaculations of "Good Lord look down!" "Oh! go away!" or "Shut up!" "You don't ses so!"

Early in the fall of 18—, farmer Wilkins announced to his son Peter, that as he, "his daddy," would be too busy to make the usual trip in "*propria persona*," he, Peter, must get ready to go down to Augusta and sell the "first load." Now Peter Wilkins, Jun., a young man just grown, was one of the celebrities of which his *settlement* (neighbourhood) boasted. He was supposed to have cut his eye-teeth—to have shaken off that verdancy so common to young men; and while he filled up more than half his father's capacious heart, to the discomfiture of Mahaly (his mother), and Suke and Poll (his sisters), he was the pet and darling of the whole neighbourhood. An only son, the old man doted upon him as a chip of the old block, and was confident that Peter, in any emergency of trade, traffic, or otherwise, would display that admirable tact, and that attentive consideration for "No. One," for which Mr. P. Wilkins, Sr., was noted. A horse-swap with a Yankee, in which Peter, after half an hour's higgling, found himself the undisputed owner of both horses and ten dollars boot, was the corner-stone of his fame. Every trip to Augusta added another block; and by the time Peter arrived at the years of discretion, he stood upon a lofty structure with all the green rubbed off, the pride of his family and the universal favourite of his acquaintances. The night before his departure the family were all gathered around the roaring fire, Mrs. and the Misses Wilkins engaged in ironing and mending our hero's Sunday apparel, the old man smoking his pipe, and occasionally preparing Peter for the ordeal in Augusta, by wholesome advice, or testing his claim to the tremendous confidence about to be reposed in him, by searching questions, as to how he would do in case so-and-so was

to turn up. To this counsel, however, our hero paid less attention than to the preparations making around him for his comely appearance in the city. Nor, until he got upon the road, did he revolve in his mind the numerous directions of his father, or resolve to follow to the letter his solemn parting injunction to "beware of them gimblit fellers down to Augusty." "Durn it," said he to himself, as the thought of being "sold" crossed his mind, "durn it, they'll never make gourds out o' me. *I've bin to Augusty before*, and ef I don't git as much fur that thur cotton as anybody else does fur thurn, then my name ain't Peter Wilkins, and that's what the old 'ooman's slam book says it is."

Arrived in the city, he drove around to one of the warehouses, and stood against the brick wall, awaiting a purchaser. Presently a little man with a long gimlet in his hand came out, and bade our hero a polite "Good morning."

"Mornin'," said Peter, with admirable coolness, as he deliberately surveyed the little man from head to foot, and withdrew his eyes as if not pleased with his appearance. The little man was dressed in the "shabby-gentle" style, a costume much in vogue at that day among men of his cloth, as combining plainness enough for the country-folk, with sufficient gentility to keep them on speaking terms with the more fashionable denizens of the then metropolis. The little man seemed in no way disconcerted by Peter's searching gaze, and a close observer might have perceived a slight smile on his lip, as he read the thoughts of our hero's bosom. His self-confidence, his pride, his affected ease and knowing air, were all comprehended, and ere a word had passed the lion knew well the character of his prey. In the purchase of the cotton, however, the little man sought no advantage, and

even offered our hero a better price than any one else in the city would have given him. To our hero's credit be it said, he was not loath to accept the offer;  $15\frac{1}{2}$  cents was above the market, by at least a quarter, and the old man had told him to let it slide at fifteen rather than not sell, so the bargain was closed, and our hero and the "Gimblit-man" went out into the yard to settle.

Seating himself on a cotton bale, the buyer counted out the money, which our hero made safe in his pocket, after seeing that it was "*giniwine*," and tallied with the amount stated in the bill of sale. A few sweet pills of flattery administered to our hero, soon made him and the Gimblit-man sworn friends; and it was in consideration of his high regard, that the Gimblit-man consented to initiate him into the mysteries of a certain game, yclept "Thimble Rig," a game which, our hero was told, would yield him much sport, if successfully played up at home among the boys; and would, when properly managed, be to him a never-failing source of that desirable article, "pocket-change." To this proposition our hero readily assented, delighted with the idea of playing off upon the boys up at home, who hadn't been to Augusty; and already began to revel in the visions of full pockets, when, to his silent horror, the little man took from his pocket a hundred-dollar bill, and very irreverently rolled it into a small round ball.

Three thimbles were next produced, and the game began.

"Now," said the little man, "I am going to hide this little ball under one of these thimbles, all before your eyes, and I want you to guess where it is."

"Well," said Peter, "go it—I'm ready," and the shifting game began. To the apparent astonishment of the little man, our hero guessed right every time. No matter how



rapid the changes, Peter invariably lifted the thimble from the ball, and had begun to grow disgusted with the game, little dreaming how soon he was to prove its efficacy as a source of revenue, when the little man suddenly checked his hand.

“Wrong,” said he, with a friendly smile; “the ball is not under the middle thimble, but under that next you.”

“Darned ef it is though!” responded Peter; “I ain’t as green as you Gusty folks thinks. Blamed ef I don’t know whar that ball is jist as well as you does, and dod-dropped ef I don’t bet four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents (the price of the cotton) agin the load o’ cotton, that it’s under the middle thimble.”

“No, *sir*,” said the little man, with another smile, “you are wrong, and I’d hate to win your money.”

That smile deceived Peter—it manifested a friendly consideration for his welfare, which he felt he did not need, and after bullying the “Gimblit-man” for a few minutes, he succeeded in inveigling him (as he thought) into a bet, which was duly closed and sealed, to the entire satisfaction of his *friend*! Alas for poor Peter! he had awakened the wrong passenger. But the idea of being too smart for an Augusty feller, and he was sure he had cornered one this time, was too great a temptation for him to withstand. “Drot it,” said he to himself, “I seen him put it under that ere middle thimble, I seen it myself, and I know it’s thar, and why not win the old man’s cotton back when it’s jest as easy as nothin? And ef I do win it, why in course the old man can’t claim more’n four hundred and fifty-one dollars, no how. (Peter forgot that the profits to be realized ought of course to belong to the owner of the capital invested.) The time me and that Yankee swapped critters, warn’t I thar? Hain’t I cut my gums? Don’t the old man, yes, and all the *settlement*, say I’m smart, and then

thar's Kitty Brown, I reckon she ort to know, and don't she say I'm the peertest feller in our parts? *I've* bin to Augusty, and this time, dod-dropped ef I don't leave my mark."

The result we need hardly relate. Peter was tempted—tempted sorely, and he fell. Sick at heart, he ordered Bob, the driver, to turn his mules homeward, and late on Saturday evening he entered the lane which led to his father's house. The blow was now to come; and some time before the wagon got to the house, Peter saw his father, and mother, and sisters, coming out to meet him. At last they met.

"Well, son," said the old man, "I s'pose you've been well." Here Mrs. Wilkins and the gals commenced hugging and kissing Peter, which he took very coolly, and with the air of a man who felt he was getting a favour which he didn't deserve.

"Reasonably well," said Peter, in reply to his father's question; "but I've lost it."

"Lost what?" said his father.

"Lost *it*."

"Lost the dockyments?" said the old man.

"No, here they are," said Peter, handing the papers containing the weights of his cotton, to his father, who began to read, partly aloud, and partly to himself—

"Eight bags of cotton—350—400—348—550—317—15½ cents a pound—sold to Jonathan Barker. Very good sale," said he; "I knowed you'd fix things rite, Peter." The wagon by this time had reached the house, and turning to Bob, the old man told him to put the molasses in the cellar, and the sugar and coffee in the house.

"Ain't got no 'lasses, massa," said Bob, grinning from ear to ear.

"No," said Peter, "we havn't got none; we lost it."

“Lost it! How on airth could you lose a barrel of molasses?”

“We never had it,” said Bob.

“Heavens and airth!” said the old man, turning first to Bob and then to Peter, “what do you mean? What do you mean? *What, what, w-h-a-t* in the d-e-v-i-l do you mean?”

“Gracious marster! Mr. Wilkins, don’t swar so,” said his wife, by way of helping Peter out.

“*Swar!*” said the farmer, “do you call *that* swarring? Darned ef I don’t say wussin that d’receley, ef they don’t tell me what they mean.”

“Why, father,” said Peter, “I’ve lost it. I’ve lost the money.”

“Well, and couldn’t you find it?”

“I didn’t lose it that way,” said Peter.”

“You ain’t been a gamblin’ I hopes,” said the old man; “you ain’t been runnin’ agin none of them Pharo banks down to Augusty, is you?”

“Bring me three thimbles,” said Peter, “and I’ll show you how I lost it.”

The thimbles were brought, and Peter sat down to explain. It was a scene for a painter: there sat our hero, fumbling with the thimbles and the ball, but too much frightened to have performed the trick if he had known how; his father sat next him, with his chin upon his hands, looking as if undecided whether to reprimand him at once, or to give him a “fair showin’.” Mrs. Wilkins stood just behind her husband, winking and smiling, gesturing and hemming, in order to attract Peter’s attention, and indicate to him her willingness to stand between him and his father. The girls, who always sided with their mother, followed her example in this case. But their efforts to attract his attention were useless; they could not even catch his eye,

so busy was he in trying to arrange the ball and thimbles ; but every time he got them fixed, and told his father to guess, the old man would guess right, which, while it astonished Peter, incensed the old man against him. It looked so easy to him, that he could not help “blaming Pete fur bein’ sich a fool.”

“Shorely,” said the farmer, after Peter had finished his explanation. “Shorely it aint *possible* that you’ve bin to Augusty *so often* and didn’t know no better. Didn’t I tell you not to have nothin to do with them *Gimblit Fellers*? Ther ain’t one of ’em honest, not one. Like a fool, you’ve gone and lost jest four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents. It aint the munny that I keers for, Peter, it’s you bein’ sich a fool—*four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents*. I’ll go rite down to Augusty next Monday and find this here Barker, and ef he don’t give up the munny, I’ll have a *say so* (ca. sa.) taken agin him, and march him rite off to jail—no deaf-allication about that. The theavin’ rascal, gwine about cheetin’ people’s sons outin four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents! How often is you bin to Augusty, Peter?”

“Sixteen times,” said Peter.

“Well, I declare,” said the old man, “bin to Augusty sixteen times, and didn’t know no better than to go thar agin and lose four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents.”

Early on Monday morning the old man started to Augusta with another load of cotton. Bob driving as before, and his master riding his gray mare “Bets.” Mr. Wilkins had a great many little commissions to execute for his wife and the “*gals*.” The old lady wanted a pair of spectacles, and the gals a bonnet each—ribbons and flowers, thread, buttons, &c., had to be purchased, and the good farmer was nearly crazed by the loss he had met with, and the multiplicity of things to be attended to.

Ever and anon, as he trotted along the road, he would mutter to himself something as follows :

“Leghorn bonnet for Sal—12 skeins of flax thread—2 dozen pearl buttons for pants—one gross horn buttons for shirts—5 grass petticoats—100 pounds coffee—451 dollars no cents—Jonathan Barker—bin to Augusty sixteen times—1 bolt kaliker—Pete’s a fool—lost one barrel of molasses and 451 dollars no cents.” With such words as these he would while away the time, apparently unconscious of the presence of Bob, who was much diverted by his master’s soliloquy. As they approached Augusta his wrath seemed to increase, and he vented his spleen on his old mare and Bob. “Bob,” said he, “you dad-dratted rascal, why don’t you drive up—you don’t do nothin’ but set thar and sleep. Take *that*, and *that*, and *that*,” he would say to his mare, accompanying each word with a blow ; “*git up, Miss, and go long to Augusty.*”

When they had come in sight of Augusta, Bob struck a camp, and his master rode on into town. Having eaten his supper, and put up his horse, he retired for the night, and early in the morning started out to look for Jonathan Barker. He caused not a little laughter as he walked along the streets, relating his troubles, and inquiring of everybody for Jonathan Barker.

“Where’s Jonathan Barker,” he would cry out, “The Gimblit Feller what cheeted Pete out’n 451 dollars no cents. Jes show me Jonathan Barker.”

As a last hope, he went around to the warehouse, where his son had lost the cotton. Walking out into the yard, he bawled out the name of Jonathan Barker. A little man with a long gimlet in his hand, answered to the name, and our farmer attacked him as follows :

“Look a here, Mr. Barker, I wants that money.”

“What money?” said Barker, who had no acquaint-

ance whatever with the farmer. "What money is it, sir?"

"*Oh no*," said the old man, perfectly furious at such barefaced assurance. "*Oh no! you don't know NUTHIN now.* Blame your picter, you're as innersent as a lam. Don't know what munny I MEEN? It's that four hundred and fifty-one dollars, and *no cents*, what you cheeted Pete out'n."

"I recollect now," said Barker, "that was fairly done, sir—if you'll just step this way I'll show you how I got it, sir."

A bright idea struck the old man. I've seen Pete play it, thought he to himself, and I guessed *rite every time*. "Well," said he, "I'll go and see how it was dun, enny-how." The two walked along to the same bale of cotton which had witnessed the game before, and the gimlet man took the identical thimbles and ball which had served him before, from his pocket, and sat down, requesting the farmer to be seated also.

"Now, sir," said Barker, "when your son was here, I bought his cotton and paid him for it—just as he was going away, I proposed showing him a trick worth seeing. I took this little ball and put it under this middle thimble; now, said I to him, you see it, and now you don't see it, and I'll bet you you can't tell where the little joker is."

"Well," said the farmer, "all's rite—the ball's now under the middle thimble."

"When I had put it under there," continued Barker, "your son wanted to bet me that it was under the middle thimble."

"So it is," said the old man, interrupting him.

"No," returned Barker, "it's under the one next you."

"I tell you it ain't," said Mr. Wilkins, who strongly advocated the doctrine that 'seeing is believing.' He

was sure he was right, and now a chance presented itself of regaining his former load of cotton. "I tell you it ain't. I'm harder to head than Pete wus, and blamed ef I don't bet another load o' cotton that's at the dore by this time."

"You are mistaken," said Barker, smiling; "but if you wish it, I'll bet."

"Let's understand one nuther fust," said the farmer. "You say that ere little ball you had jes now, ain't under the little thimble in the middle—I say it is. Ef it ain't, I'm to give you the load o' cotton—ef it is, you're to give me four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents."

"Exactly so," said Barker.

"Well, I'll bet," said the farmer, "and here's my hand."

The bet was sealed, and with a triumphant air which he but poorly concealed, the farmer snatched up the middle thimble, but no ball was there.

"Well, I'll be dod drapt!" he exclaimed, at the same time drawing a long breath, and dropping the thimble. "Derned ef it's *thar*! Four hundred and fifty-one dollars no cents gone *agin*! Heven and airth, what'll Mahaly and the gals say! I'll never heer the eend of it tel I'm in my grave. Then *thar's* Pete! *Gee-mi-my!* *jest* to think o' Pete—fur *him* to know his ole daddy wus made a fool of too! four hundred and fifty-one dollars and no cents! but I wouldn't keer *that* for it," snapping his fingers, "ef it wern't fur Pete."

The Gimblit-man reminded our friend of the result of his bet, by telling him that the sooner he unloaded the better.

"Now you ain't, shore nuff, in *yearnest*," said the old man.

"Dead earnest," returned Barker.

“Well, stranger,” added our friend, “I’se a nonest man, and stands squar up to my contracts.”

With this he had his cargo discharged into the street, and ordering Bob to drive on, he mounted his mare, and set out for home with a heavier heart than he had ever known before. ’Twere useless to attempt a description of the scene which transpired on the farmer’s return home. The first words he uttered were, “Pete, durned ef I hain’t lost it too.” The misfortunes of his trip were soon all told, after which Peter and his father wisely resolved never to bet on anything again, especially “them blamed Yankee Thimbles.” It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Wilkins, Pete, or the gals, could help teasing the old man occasionally on the result of his trip. Whenever he became refractory, his wife would stick her thimble on the end on her finger, and hold it up for him to look at—it acted like a charm! His misadventure, too, raised higher than ever his opinion of the cunning and sagacity of “*them Augusty Fellers!*”

A few years succeeding the events which we have attempted to narrate, and Farmer Wilkins was gathered to his fathers; but his trip to Augusta is still preserved as a warning to all honest and simple-hearted people. The last words of the old man to his son, were, “Peter, Peter, my son, always be honest, never forgit your ole daddy, and *allers bewar* of them Gimblit Fellers, *down to Augusty.*”

Reader! every tale has its moral, nor is ours without one. Not only did Peter learn from his adventure in Augusta, the evils of betting, but ever since the time to which we have alluded, he always allows his factor to sell his cotton for him. Whatever you may think of it, both Peter and his father came to the conclusion that there was “no use in tryin’ to git the upper hand of one o’ them *Gimblit Fellers down to Augusty.*”



## WAR'S YURE HOSS?

BY A MISSOURIAN.

Who the writer of the following sketch is we do not know, but we would walk "several rods" to shake hands with him. It appeared, we believe, originally, in that prince of weeklies—the *New York Spirit of the Times*.

SOME years since, when the State of Missouri was considered "Far West," there lived on the bank of the river of the same name of the State, a substantial farmer, who, by years of toil, had accumulated a tolerable pretty pile of castings; owing, as he said, principally to the fact that he didn't raise much taters and unyuns, but rite smart of corn. This farmer, hearing that good land was much cheaper farther south, concluded to move there. Accordingly, he provided his eldest son with a good horse, and a sufficiency of the needful to defray his travelling and contingent expenses, and instructed him to purchase two hundred acres of good land, at the lowest possible price, and return immediately home. The next day *Jeems* started for Arkansas, and after an absence of some six weeks, returned home.

"Well, *Jeems*," said the old man, "how'd you find land in Arkensaw?"

"Tolerable cheap, dad."

"You didn't buy mor'n two hundred acres, did yu, *Jeems*?"

"No, dad, not *over* tu hundred, *I reckon*."

"How much money hev yu got left?"

“Nary red, dad; cleaned rite out!”

“Why, I had no idee travellin’ was so ’sensive in them parts, Jeems.”

“Wal, just you try it wonst, an you’ll find out, I reckon.”

“Wal, never mind that, let’s hear ’bout the land, and  
———*but war’s yure hoss?*”

“Why, yu see, dad, I was a goin’ along one day——”

“But *war’s yure hoss?*”

“Yu hole on, dad, an I’ll tell yu all ’bout it. Yu see, I was agoin’ along one day, an I met a feller as said he was goin’ my way tu——”

“But *war’s yure hoss?*”

“Dod darn mi hide, ef yu don’t shut up, dad, I’ll never git tu the hoss. Wal, as we was both goin’ the same way, me an this feller jined cumpenny, and ’bout noon, we hitched our critters, and set down aside uv a branch, and went tu eatin’ a snack. Arter we’d got thru, this feller sez tu me, ‘Try a drap uv this ere red-eye, stranger?’ ‘Wal, I don’t mind,’ sez I——”

“But *war’s yure hoss?*”

“Kummin tu him bime-by, dad. So me an’ this feller sot thar, sorter torkin’ and drinkin’, and then he sez, ‘Stranger, let’s play a leetle game uv Seven-up,’ a takin’ out uv his pocket a greasy, roun’-cornered deck uv *kerds*. ‘Don’r keer ef I du,’ sez I. So we sot up side uv a stump, and kummenced tu bet a quarter up, an’ I was a *slayin’ him orful*——”

“But *war’s yure hoss?*”

“Kummin’ tu him, dad. Bime-by, luck changed, an’ he got tu winnin’, an’ pretty sune, I hadn’t not nary nuther doller. Then sez he, ‘Stranger, I’ll gin yu a chance to git even, an’ play yu one more game.’ Wal, we

both plaid rite tite that game, I sware, an' we was both  
six an' six, an'——”

“ *War's yure hoss?* ”

“ Kummin tu him, dad. We was six an' six, dad,  
an' 'twas his deal——”

“ Will yu tell mē *war's yure hoss?* ” said the old man,  
getting *riled*.

“ Yes, we was six an' six, an' HE TURNED UP THE  
JACK ! ”

“ *War's yure hoss?* ”

“ The stranger won him, *a turnin' that jack!* ”

## A LOSING GAME OF POKER.

*Or, the Gambler outwitted.*

BY THE EDITOR.

The following little sketch, originally published several years since in the *Yankee Blade*, is founded on fact. One of the characters spoken of now resides in Georgia, and is "a man of function."

SOME years ago the State of Georgia was infested by a long, lank specimen of humanity, bearing the name of Bennett, who made it his business to relieve such verdant young men as came in his way of their money, by inducing them to play poker, seven-up, and such other interesting games as pleased them most, respectively. No judge or lawyer ever attended the sittings of the superior courts of the different counties more regularly than Bennett, though, as our readers will probably have guessed, their objects were totally different: the business of the former being to dispense and enforce the law, and of the latter to violate and laugh at it. Unfortunately, in Georgia as well as in other states, the law and its officers manage to overlook entirely those statutes prohibiting "the playing of certain games for money," and Bennett and his confederates were allowed to pursue the even tenor of their way at any and every place where they chanced to be, plainly verifying the truth of the remark of the "Watchus" to Rock Smalt, that "justice yinks at vot it can't see, and lets o' vot it can't ketch."

But to our story. It was court week in the little village

of G——. Just such a crowd was collected as only court week and "General Muster" *can* gather,—men, women, boys, and girls, black and white, old, middle-aged, young, and very young; everybody talking to everybody and nobody listening. The grog-shops were crowded, and "cake and beer" wagons were doing a brisk business. The loud laughter and frequent oaths that ever and anon saluted the ear, were evidence sufficient that the "Sons of Temperance" had not "penetrated" that far "into the interior."

Bennett was, of course, "in town," and could have been seen (if anybody had looked that way) about twelve o'clock on the day we write of, walking arm-in-arm up *the* street of the village with an acquaintance, whom for convenience we shall call Cole. This Cole, though a limb of the law, was, to use a Georgiaism, a "peert gambler," and it was evident that he and Bennett were up to something. Let's listen, and we may discover what it was.

"You see, old fellow," said the gambler to his friend, "I've got something on hand, and want your help."

"Well, Bennett, you know I'm always ready for anything that either promises fun or profit. So let us into the secret, and then we'll talk more to the point."

"Well, the long and short of the matter is just this. 'Thar's a feller here named Andy Smith, with a pocket full of rocks. He has just sold a tract of land, and pocketed the dimes. Now, what I want is to prevent his carrying it away with him, and I want you to help me."

"How do you propose to manage matters, Bennett?"

"Why you see he's very fond of liquor, and I can manage to have him as drunk as a cooter by dark. Then I want you to come over to Jimmy Greene's grocery. Smith will be thar, and I want you to propose a game of poker. Smith understands poker, but is shy of me, be-

cause he thinks I play a great game. I shall let you win of course, and make him believe that I can't play. After a few games, you can pretend to have some particular business and leave. I'll git Smith to playing, and if I don't *wool him*, then my name ain't Bennett."

"Very well, Bennett, I'll be on hand, of course, but don't be too hard on him."

"Never fear that, old hoss, I'll give him a fair chance." The lying old dog!

Night came. Bennett and Smith were both at the grocery, the latter about two-thirds snapped, the former in close conversation with the proprietor of the groggery. In a short time Cole entered, and after a few minutes' conversation and a drink of liquor, proposed to Bennett a game of poker. A table was drawn out, and the two were soon betting at this favourite southern game. For a while neither lost or won. Smith eyed the players closely, for he was not so drunk as he appeared to be, and as the betting became more 'spirited, his interest in the game increased. At length, Bennett dealt the cards (Smith becoming more deeply interested), and said,

"Well, Cole, what do you do?"

"I'll go you a hundred on my hand," was the prompt reply.

"Very well, I see that, and go you five hundred better," said the apparently much excited gambler.

"Good! I see you five, and five hundred better," coolly replied the lawyer.

"I cover that, and call you," said Bennett, throwing down his hand and exhibiting a pair of kings, a pair of jacks, and an ace.

"A pretty fair hand, Bennett, but three queens and a pair of jacks beat it," and Cole raked the sixteen hundred dollars into his hat and rose from the table. "To-mor-

row night," said he, "I'll give you a chance to win this back. I have an important law case that comes on tomorrow, and I must go and get ready for it. This gentleman," pointing to Smith, "will probably try you a hand."

Smith, who imagined himself a better player than Bennett, having swallowed the bait laid for him, readily consented. This was just what the gambler wanted. The cards were dealt, and for a time Smith won. At length it came to Bennett's deal, when he dexterously slipped the pack into his lap, and dealt from one he had prepared for the purpose, and from which he dealt himself four kings, and his opponent four queens. Both bet high, Smith bet one hundred on his hand—Bennett covered it, and went three hundred better. This was covered, and two hundred more put up, taking everything Smith had, for he had loaned out the best portion of his money that day to a friend. To the surprise and mortification of the gambler, therefore, when the two hundred were covered, his victim backed out. He was completely bluffed, and nothing could induce him to bet more. Considerably disappointed, Bennett pocketed the five hundred, and left, while Smith called for more liquor, and before two hours, had forgotten his losses in drunkenness.

Next morning Bennett and Cole met on the piazza of the hotel.

"Well, Bennett, what luck last night?"

"Bad enough. That derved fool flew the track after I had got a good hand, and I only got about five hundred out of him."

"Ah, that was bad! Probably he became frightened at something."

"No, I don't believe he had the money, for I'm sure if he'd had the funds, he would have bet on four queens,

and that's the hand I gave him. 'Better luck next time,' however, is my motto. But, Cole, you and I had as well have a settlement now."

"A settlement! what do you mean? I am not aware that there is anything to settle between you and me."

"Come, come, old hoss, none of your jokes. About that money you won last night; you know well enough what I mean."

"Well, didn't I win it fairly?"

"Why, yes, the playing was fair enough on your part, but you know the cards were stocked, so as to give you the hand you held," said the gambler, who began to feel slightly alarmed at Cole's manner.

"And who stocked them, pray? If you chose to deal me a better hand than you kept yourself, without my asking you to do so, it certainly wasn't my fault."

"I know that," said Bennett, really alarmed at the prospect of losing his money; "Still, it was understood that we were only playing for fun, and I hope you will refund that seventeen hundred, and take half my winnings from Smith."

"I understood the thing, Bennett, in no such way, and shall keep what I won from you, and you are perfectly welcome to *the whole* of what you took from Mr. Smith. Good morning, sir."

The joke was too good to keep, and finally got out in the town; and Bennett got out of it, as soon as possible, and has never troubled its good people since.



## MIKE HOOTER'S BAR STORY.

*A Yazoo Sketch.*

SHOWING HOW THE BEAR OUTWITTED IKE HAMBERLIN.

BY A MISSOURIAN.

We should hate to swear that "Tom Owen, the Bee-hunter," *alias* T. B. Thorpe, had not a hand in inditing the following capital sketch. It is one of a series which have appeared, we believe, in the New Orleans *Delta*, though we find it going through the country without the slightest mark of paternity. Such things certainly deserve being taken care of.

"It's no use talkin'," said Mike, "'bout your Polar Bar, and your Grisly Bar, and all that sort er varmont what you read about. They ain't no whar, for the big black customer that circumlocutes down in our neck o' woods beats 'em all hollow. I've heard of some monsus explites kicked up by the brown bars, sich as totein off a yoke o' oxen, and eatin' humans raw, and all that kind o' thing; and Capten Parry tells us a yarn 'bout a big white bar, what 'muses hisself climin' up the North Pole and slides down to keep his hide warm; but all that ain't a circumstance to what I've saw.

"You see," continued Mike, "there's no countin' on them varmonts as I's been usened to, for they comes as near bein' human critters as anything I ever see what doesn't talk. Why, if you was to hear anybody else tell 'bout the bar-fights I've had, you wouldn't b'leeve 'em, and if I wasn't a preacher, and could not lie none, I'd keep my fly-trap shot 'till the day of judgment.

“I’ve heard folks say as how bars cannot think like other human critters, and that they does all the sly tricks what they does, from instink. Golly! what a lie! You tell me one of ’em don’t know when you’ve got a gun, and when you ain’t? Just wait a minit, an’ my privit ’pinion is, when you’ve hearn me thro’ you’ll talk t’other side of your mouth.

“You see, one day, long time ago, ’fore britches come in fashion, I made a ’pointment with Ike Hamberlin the steam doctor, to go out next Sunday to seek whom we couldn’t kill, a bar, for you know bacon was skace, and so was money, and them fellers down in Mechanicsburg wouldn’t sell on ’tick, so we had to ’pend on the varmints for a livin’.

“Speakin’ of Mechanicsburg, the people down in that ar mud-hole ain’t to be beat nowhere this side o’ Christmas. I’ve hearn o’ mean folks in my time, an’ I’ve preached ’bout ’em a few; but ever sense that feller, Bonnel, sold me a pint of red-eye whiskey—an’ half ov it backer juice—for a coon-skin, an’ then guv me a brass picayune fur change, I’ve stopped talkin’. Why, that chap was closer than the bark on a hickory tree; an’ ef I hadn’t hearn Parson Dilly say so, I’d ov swore it wasn’t er fac, he was cotch one day stealin’ acorns from a blind hog. Did you ever hear how that hoss-fly died? Well, never mind. It was too bad to talk ’bout, but heap too good for him.

“But that ain’t what I was spoutin’ ’bout. As I was sayin’ afore, we had to ’pend on the varmints fur a livin’. Well, Ike Hamberlin, you see, was always sorter jubous o’ me, kase I kilt more bar nor he did; an’, as I was sayin’, I made a ’pointment with Ike to go out huntin’. Then, Ike, he thought he’d be kinder smart, and beat ‘Old Preach’ (as them Cole boys usen to call me), so, as

soon as day crack he hollered up his puppies, an' put! I spied what he was 'bout, fur I hearn him laffin' to one o' his niggers 'bout it the night afore—so, I told my gal Sal to fill my private tickler full o' the old 'raw,' and then fixed up an' tramped on arter him, but didn't take none o' my dogs. Ike hadn't got fur into the cane, 'fore the dogs they 'gan to whine an' turn up the har on ther backs; an', bime-by, they all tucked tail, an' sorter sidled back to whar he was stanin'. 'Sick him!' says Ike, but the cussed critters wouldn't hunt a lick. I soon diskivered what was the matter, for I kalkilated them curs o' hisn wasn't worth shucks in a bar fight—so, I know'd thar was bar 'bout, if I didn't see no sine.

“Well, Ike he coaxed the dogs, an' the more he coaxed the more they wouldn't go, an' when he found coaxin' wouldn't do, then he scolded and called 'em some of the hardest names ever you hearn, but the tarnation critters wouldn't budge a peg. When he found they wouldn't hunt no how he could fix it, he begin a cussin'. He didn't know I was thar. If he had er suspicioned it, he'd no more swore than he'd dar'd to kiss my Sal on er washin' day; for you see both on us belonged to the same church, and Ike was class-leader. I thought I should er flummuxed! 'The dogs they sidled back, an' Ike he cussed; an' I lay down an' rolled an' laughed sorter easy to myself, 'til I was so full I thort I should er bust my biler! I never see ennything so funny in all my life! 'There was I layin' down behind er log, fit to split, an' there was the dogs with their tails the wrong eend down, an' there was Ike a rarin' an' er pitchin'—er rippin' an' er tarrin'—an' er cussin' wus nor a steamboat cap'n! I tell you it fairly made my har' stan' on eend! I never see er customer so riled afore in all my born days! yes I did too,

once—only once. It was that feller Arch Coony, what used to oversee for old Ben Roach. Didn't you know that ar' hossfly? He's a few! well he is. Jewhilliken, how he could whip er nigger! and swar! whew! Didn't you ever hear him swar? I tell you, all the sailors an' French parrots in Orleans ain't a patchin' to him. I hearn him let hissself out one day, an' I pledge my word he cussed 'nuff to send twenty preachers like old Joe Slater an' Parson Holcom an' them kind er Jewdases right kerplumpus into h—, an' what was wus, it was all 'bout nothin', for he warn't mad a wrinkle. But all that ain't neither here nor thar. But, as I was sayin' afore, the dogs they smelt bar sine, an' wouldn't budge a peg, an' arter Ike had almost cussed the bark off'n a dog-wood saplin' by, he lent his old flint lock rifle up agin it, and then he pealed off his old blanket an' laid her down, too. I diskivered mischief was er cumin, fur I never see a critter show rathy like he did. Torectly I see him walk down to the creek bottom, 'bout fifty yards from where his gun was, and then he 'gin pickin' up rocks an' slingin' um at the dogs like bringer! Cracky! didn't he linkit into um? It minded me o' David whalin Goliah, it did! If you'd er seed him, and hearn them holler, you'd er thought he'd er knocked the nigh sites off'n every mother's son of 'em!

“But that ain't the fun yet. While Ike was er lammin the dogs, I hearn the alfiredest crackin' in the cane, an' I looked up, and thar was one of the eternallest whollopin' bars cummin' crack, crack, through the cane an' kerslesh over the creek, and stopped right plumb slap up whar Ike's gun was. Torectly he tuck hold er the ole shooter, an' I thought I see him tinkerin' 'bout the lock, an' kinder whislin', and blowin' into it. I was 'stonished, I tell

you, but I wanted to see Ike outdone so bad that I lay low and kep' dark, an' in about a minit Ike got done lickin' the dogs, an' went to git his gun. Jeemeny, criminy! if you'd only bin whar I was! I do think Ike was the maddest man that ever stuk an axe into a tree, for his har stuck rite strait up, and his eyes glared like two dogwood blossoms! But the bar didn't seem to care shucks for him, for he jist sot the old rifle rite back agin the saplin', and walked off on his hind legs jist like any human. Then, you see, I gin to get sorter jelus, and sez I to myself, 'Mister Bar,' sez I, 'the place whar you's er stanin' ain't prezactly healthy, an' if you don't wabble off from thar purty soon, Mizis Bar will be a widder, by gum!' With that, Ike grabbed up ole Mizis Rifle, and tuk most pertickler aim at him, and by hokey, she snapped! Now, sez I, 'Mister Bar, go it, or he'll make bacon of you!' But the varmint didn't wink, but stood still 'as a post, with the thumb of his right paw on the eend of his smeller, and wiglin' his t'other finger thus (and Mike went through with the gyration). All this time Ike he stood thar like a fool, er snappin' and her snappin', an' the bar he lookin' kinder quare like, out er the corner o' his eye, an' sorter laffin at him. Torectly I see Ike take down the ole shooter, and kinder kersamine the lock, an' when he done that, he laid her on his shoulder, and shook his fist at the bar, and walked toward home, an' the bar he shuk his fist, an' went into the cane brake, and then I cum off."

Here all the Yazoo boys expressed great anxiety to know the reason why Ike's gun didn't fire. "Let's licker fust," said Mike, "an' if you don't caterpillar, you can shoot me. Why, you see," concluded he, "the long and short of it is this, that the bar in our neck o' woods has a little human in um, an' this feller know'd as much

about a gun as I do 'bout preachin'; so when Ike was lickin' the dogs, he jest blowed all the powder outen the pan, an' to make all safe, he tuk the flint out too, and that's the way he warn't skeered when Ike was snappin at him."

## ELECTRICITY AS A TEMPERANCE AGENT.

(*With an Illustration.*)

BY WM. C. RICHARDS.

No one is better known at the south, than the writer of the above little sketch. In 1841, in connexion with his brother, Mr. T. Addison Richards, a talented young artist, he commenced the publication of "Georgia Illustrated," one of the most beautiful works ever issued from the American or European press. It was discontinued after one year, for want of patronage, and the "Orion" took its place. This was published for two or three years, but was finally discontinued from the same cause. In May, 1848, Mr. R. commenced, in Athens, Georgia, the regular weekly publication of the "Southern Literary Gazette," which was subsequently removed to Charleston, S. C., where it is now published.

Mr. R. is a man of unquestionable talent, and great energy of character. He takes high rank, both as a poet and prose writer, and, as a critic, is excelled by few editors, North or South. He has indulged very little in the humorous. The following sketch originally appeared in the Editor's Table of the *Orion*.

IN a neighbouring village we were once amusing ourselves and a few friends with a variety of experiments in electricity, and the door of the room standing open, a notorious drunkard staggered in and stood eyeing our movements with a vague yet fixed gaze. The electric battery seemed especially to engage his attention, and as the vivid spark flashed out at its discharge, he started back, but instantly, rubbing his hands, approached nearer,

as if to examine the strange object, at the same time addressing us by name—he was well known to all—he demanded in a hiccupping strain—

“W-what the d-d-deuce do you c-call this here f-f-fez-zity p-p-pop-b-bang thing?”

“It is an electrical battery, Boozy,” said we.

“A tea-ki-kittle what?” returned he, with a drunken leer. But it was in vain that we prompted him; he could not master the long word, and finally, out of patience, he stamped his foot and exclaimed—

“W-well the k-kritically thing b-b-be d-d-d—d! W-what do ye d-do with it?”

“We make drunken men sober, Boozy,” said a friend, desirous of having some fun, for which indeed we were all ripe.

Boozy looked at us a few moments, and then rolling up his shirt sleeves, and extending his brawny arm, he replied:

“D-d-damn it, then—s-s-sober me!”

We accordingly lost no time in charging the battery; and Boozy without the least hesitation grasped the hook with one hand, and at our bidding fearlessly approached his other to the glittering knob. The shock was heavy—but he stood firm—his eyes dilated, his mouth closely compressed, and his head slightly drooping. He was for two or three minutes speechless. At length, recovering his voice, he said:

“G-g-good—by g-golly. That’s t-t-tame l-lightnin’, ain’t it?”

“Try it again, Boozy,” said Squire Wilson.

“T-try it yourself, S-squire W-wilson. It g-goes through you l-l-like—l-l-like—”

“Like what, Boozy?” interrupted Doctor Bolus.



“L-l-like a d-d-dose of y-your ph-ph-ph-is-sick, d-doc-tor!”

At length Boozy tried it again, and this time the negative wire was placed in contact with his feet, while he touched the knob as before. The same effects were produced—and ten times did he receive, through various parts of his body, the full shock of the battery of four quart jars. *Gradually he became sober*, and spoke more readily, till at last, when he had recovered his speech from the last shock, he stepped back, and laying his hand upon his breast, exclaimed in true oratorical style:—

“Gentl’men—I thank you. I’in rejuvenated! Whereas I had an impediment in my speech—now I havn’t none. Gentl’men I feel like a new-made man,” and touching his tattered cap, he made a low bow, and walked steadily out of the room—*a sobered man!*

But, alas! in the afternoon of the same day, as we were engaged with the magnetic electric machine, Boozy re-entered in a state of “*interrogation*,” as the “Georgia Lawyer” has it. He readily, at our request, grasped the metallic cups connected with the two poles of the instrument, which was instantly put in operation. He began to tremble, and soon his whole frame was in violent motion; he gradually bent forward, his eyes and mouth dilated, the wires were doubled in his contracting arms, and he was actually being drawn off his feet, with his body stretching half across the old counter on which the instrument stood.

At length, in pity for his looks of terror and hopeless despair, we stopped the machine. His fingers immediately relaxed their terrible hold, and dashing the cups violently on the table, he raised himself, and with gleaming eyes, clenched teeth, and uplifted arm—shouted aloud—

“D—n you—I’ll give a hundred dollars for a *feet* of that d—d wire !”

Boozy could not be prevailed with to touch “*that wire*” again. We are sorry to add—he is yet a drunkard !

## M'CRACKEN'S EXPERIENCE.

BY A HOOSIER.

Who "a hoosier" is we do not know. The sketch is going the rounds without an owner, and, as we think it ought to be "taken up and bound over," we present it to the readers of the present volume, assuring them that it is well worthy of an owner.

"TELL us about that fight, Jo."

"Why, you see, boys, it was one of the tightest places I ever was in—[Jack, give us a light, will you?] never seed prezaclly as many men around one poor fellow afore; an' I wouldn't a cared much then, ef it had been in a place whar I knowed the ropes; but I had never had seen Louisville; but somehow, I thought ef I was to get into a fight, I'd show some of them chaps that M'Cracken could put in some right tall licks. So, I takes off my home-spun, rolls up my sleeves, when all at once suthing struck me—"

"Who was it?"

"Why, I noticed a tall feller on the outside of the crowd pick up a rock, but it wasn't him, for he threw it down again; another feller, a Major something, had an eternal big hickory stick in his fist, and—"

"Was it the Major?"

"No, I don't believe it was, as he'd walked away before the skurmage commenced, and I didn't see him any more; besides, he didn't look like a man what would maltreat a stranger, but, as I was sayin', suthin struck me—"

“Whereabouts did it hit you, Jo?”

“On the head. As I was saying, I had just got myself peeled, and had sort of singled out a pop-eyed looking fellow jest afore me, and was thinking to myself you're my man, sure, when suthin struck me—”

“Did it knock you down?”

“Hold on, fellers, don't be in such a squumption—no, it didn't knock me down, but—”

“Sort of staggered you?”

“No—can't say it did, much; but, as I was a sayin', the pop-eyed feller looked as ef he thought he was about to ketch the orfullest cowhallopin he'd ever seed in his born days; and I'd jest doubled up these pertater grabblers, calculatin' to plant one of 'em on the tip of his nose, and knock both his eyes back inter their natural position, when, as I said before, suthin struck me—”

“Was it the pop-eyed feller?”

“No, sir-ee! I know'd from his build I was a quicker-motioned man an' he was; and had just o' sot my upper lip stiff, and drawed in a long breth, when suthin struck me—”

“Well, what was it?”

“Why, an idear that I'd better be a making tracks from them diggin's, fast; and, boys, ef you'd only ben about thar that mornin', you'd a seed old M'Cracken a makin the fastest time for two miles and a leetle better, as ever was made in Jefferson! Whoop! and if you've got any more of that baldface, pour it out!”

# BINGO.

*A Georgia Sketch.*

BY HON. R. M. CHARLTON.

The writer of the following sketch is a practising lawyer and an ex-judge of the Superior Court, residing in Savannah, Ga. He has indulged but little in prose writing; as a poet, however, he takes high rank, though he contributes but little to the literature of the day, his time being almost entirely engrossed by the extensive practice of his profession. In 1842 he published a volume, containing most of his own and his brother's poems, many of which are very fine.

A FEW years ago I attended the Superior Court for the county of ——. The court adjourned late in the night, and the judge and bar being very weary, retired to their beds immediately thereafter. We were all in the same room, and immediately adjoining to us was the bar-room, and the chinks or vacant spaces in the partition enabled us to see and hear all that was going on. Shortly after we had retired, about forty men, "pretty well corned, and up to everything," entered the liquor room. No sooner had they arrived there than they commenced boasting. "I'm the step-father of the earth!" said one. "I'm the yallow blossom of the forest!" exclaimed another, and requested his fellow-citizens then and there being "to nip the bud, if they dare." "I'm kin to a rattlesnake on the mother's side!" shouted the earth's ancestor. This seemed to be a "*socdoliger*;" (which translated into Latin, means a *ne plus ultra*;) for the "yallow blossom" stopped

to consider what answer he could possibly make to this high claim of ancestry. A happy thought struck him.

“Will you drink or fight?” roared he, in a voice of thunder.

A silence ensued, or at least a subdued murmur, “’twixt which and silence there was nothing.” Perhaps a more embarrassing question could not have been propounded. The rattlesnake’s son was exceedingly thirsty—the sands of Africa were not more so; and liquor was the idol of his heart. He loved it dearly, but he loved fighting also; and here was a glorious chance to “lick” an adversary he had longed to get at. *Curia vult advisare*. He was deliberating between these equally pleasant alternatives, when it occurred to him that it was possible to accomplish both.

“*Both!*” responded he, “both. I’ll drink first—I’ll fight afterwards.”

A loud shout of approbation rose from the crowd. The liquor was called for—a pint of buck-eye whiskey—and impartially divided into two tumblers. The adversaries each took one, and grasping each other with their left hands, and touching the glasses together in token of amity, drained their respective glasses to the last drop, and then smashed them over the heads of each other, and at it they went. A clamour ensued, so terrific that the English language has no word that would be sufficiently expressive of it. All sorts of encouragement were offered by the friends of each combatant, and an amateur, who had no particular predilection for either, jumped upon the counter, and commenced singing a poetic description of all the naval battles of America from the time of Columbus to the present day, (which somebody has had the barbarity to put into miserable verse,) keeping time with his heels on the counter. Just as he got to the one hundred

and ninety-ninth verse, and was in the midst of what he called "the Wasp and Hornet engagement," his melody was stopped by a shrill cry from the "yellow blossom of the forest," who began to fall into the sere and yellow leaf, and gave manifest symptoms of being whipped.

"He bites!" screamed he.

"I get my livelihood by biting," said the other, relaxing his hold for a moment, and then taking a fresh start.

"'Nuff! 'nuff! take him off!"

Up rose the rattlesnake amidst loud cheering. His first impulse was to crow like a cock; then he changed his genus very suddenly, and declared that he was a "sea-horse of the mountain," and that he had sprung from the Potomac of the earth; then he was a bear with a sore head; a lion with a mangy tail; a flying whale; in short, he announced himself to be every possible and every impossible bird, beast, and fish, that the land or the sea has ever produced.

His wit having exhausted itself, some fresh excitement or novelty was requisite. "Let's have *Bingo!*" suggested a by-stander. "Huzza for Bingo," echoed the crowd. Well, thought I, I don't know who and what Bingo is, but I do know, that when things reach their worst condition, any change must be for the better; and as any change from this terrible riot must be for the better, I say too, "Huzza for Bingo!" Alas!—as the sequel proved, I deceived myself greatly.

A gallon of whiskey with spice in it, and a gallon of Malaga wine, were placed on a large round table, around which about forty men seated themselves, having first elected a president *viva voce*. The president elect commenced the game by singing at the top of his voice:

“ A farmer’s dog sat on the barn-door,  
And Bingo was his name, O !”

And they all shouted in chorus—

“ And Bingo was his name, O !”

“ B,” said the president, “ i” said the next, “ n” the third, “ g” the fourth, “ o” the fifth ; and then the chorus, taking up the letter “ o,” again shouted—

“ And Bingo was his name, O !”

If either missed a letter, or said “ n” for example, when he should have said “ i,” his penalty was to take a drink, and the company as a privilege drank with him ; and with such slight interruptions as the time for drinking would occupy, this continued for about six hours.

At last the patience of the Judge (who was quite a young man, and who is not more than a squirrel’s jump from me while I write) became exhausted, and he called for the landlord. Our host, who was a tailor by trade, and who was also one of the Bingo fraternity, made his appearance with a candle in his hand, and a very affectionate and drunken leer upon his countenance.

“ Go, sir,” said the Judge, “ into the next room, and tell those drunken lunatics that if they don’t stop their beastly noise, I’ll commit every one of them to jail in the morning, for contempt of court.”

“ Oh, Judge !” answered our host, holding up his unoccupied hand in token of his amazement ; “ Oh, Judge, you’ll give me the *double-breasted horrors!* Why, Judge, work is *scarce*, and people’s pertikler ; and if I was to preliminary your orders to that crowd of gentleman, why, Judge, I’d pick up a thrashing in a little less than no time ;” and off he staggered. Bingo was forthwith resumed, until



gradually the chorus became more confused and indistinct. Chaos had come again. The actions of the virtuous gentlemen there assembled, ceased to be above board, and were carried on under the table. Some were snoring, others hiccuping, others cascading. Bingo had ceased to be, except when some sleeper, feeling some painful sensation from his attitude, etc., would exclaim "Oh!" which would wake up his immediate neighbour, who, the ruling passion strong in death, would exclaim—"And Bingo was——," and then relapse into such silence as a drunken man generally falls into.

---

Years have passed away since that awful night. Joys have blessed me ; afflictions pained me ; but all the vicissitudes of life have failed to drive out of my memory that terrible game and tune of Bingo. It haunts me like a dun in the day, like a ghost in the night. If I hear any one say "Oh!" the sequel immediately occurs to me—"And Bingo was his name, O!" I am not much of an anatomist, but I am satisfied that when a post-mortem examination is had upon me, the whole matter of Bingo will be found incorporated with my pia-mater, or dura-matter, or some other portion of my brain. I can't tell the process or the manner by which, and in which it has become a part and parcel thereof ; but this much I know, that if my operator is a skilful surgeon, he will find there developed, in characters that *he* can read, the distinct statement that there was a farmer, who had a dog, whose peculiar habit and custom it was to sit upon the barn door, and that he answered to the classical and melodious name of "Bingo."

In a very heavy equity cause which was tried some years

ago in our circuit, one of the jurors who had been inundated with cases from "Vesey Junior," expressed a wish "that Vesey Junior had died *before* he (Vesey Jr.) had been born." I have something of the same feeling toward "Bingo." Have not you also, reader?

## HOW SALLY HOOTER GOT SNAKE-BIT.

### A YAZOO SKETCH.

As our readers will discover, the following mirth-provoking recital is from the lips of our old friend, Mike Hooter, whose bear-hunting exploits are spoken of in a previous story. Mike is a *team* and no mistake, and we only wish we knew to whom to return our thanks for the hearty laughs we have enjoyed while reading this account of Sally's adventure with the snake.

OUR old acquaintance, Mike Hooter, made another visit to town last week, and being, as he supposed, beyond the hearing of his brethren in the church, (for be it remembered, that Mike is of pious inclining, and a ruling elder in the denomination of Methodists,) concluded that he would go on a 'bust.' Having sold his crop of cotton and fobbed the 'tin,' forth sallied Mike with a 'pocket full of rocks,' and bent on a bit of a spree. After patronizing all the groceries, and getting rather mellow, he grew garrulous in the extreme, and forthwith began to expatiate on his wonderful exploits. After running through with a number of 'Pant'er and 'Bar fights,' and several 'wolf disputes,' he finally subsided into the recital of events more nearly appertaining to members of his family. "That Yazoo," said Mike, "is the durndest hole that ever came along. If it a'n't the next place to no whar, you can take my head for er drinkin gourd—you can, an' as for that ar devil's camp ground, what they calls Satartia, if this world was er kitchen, it would be the slop hole, an' er mighty stinkin one at that! I pledge you my word, it comes closer bein' the jumpin off place

than any I ever hearn tell on. Talk about Texas. It an't nothin' to them Yazoo hills. The etarnalest out-of-the way place for bar, an' panthers, an' wolfs, an' possums, an' coons, an' skeeters, an' nats, an' hoss flies, an' cheegers, an' lizzards, an' frogs, an' mean fellers, an' drinkin' whiskey, an' stealin' one-anothers' hogs, an' gittin' corned, an' swappin' hosses, an' playin' h-ll generally, that ever you did see! Pledge you my word, 'nuff to sink it. An' as for snakes! whew! don't talk! I've hearn tell of the Boa Constructor, an' the Annagander, an' all that kind er ruptile what swollers er he-goat whole, an' don't care er switch uv his tail for his horns; an' I see the preacher tell 'bout Aaron's walkin' stick what turned itself into er sar-pent, an' swoller'd up ever-so many other sticks, an' rods, an' bean poles, an' chunks o' wood, an' was hungry yet—an' all that kinder hellerbelloo, but that's all moon-shine. Jist wait er minit till you've hearn 'bout the snakes what flourishes up 'bout my stompin' ground, an' how one uv um come precious nigh chawin' up my datter Sal, an' if you don't forgit evrything you ever know'd, then Mike Hooter's the durndest liar that ever straddled a fence rail. Jeeminy, criminy! Jest to see him, one uv them ar great big, rusty rattlesnakes, an' hear him shake that ar tale uv hizzen! I tell you what, if you didn't think all the peas in my corn field was er spillin in the floor, thar aint no 'simmons! Talk about the clouds burstin an' the hail rattling down in er tin pan! Why 'taint er patchin to it! Cracky! its worse nor er young earthquake—beats h-ll!

Now, I don't valley er snake no more nor er she bar in suckin time—'specially er rattlesnake, cause you see it's er vurmin what always rattles his tail 'fore he strikes, an' gives you time to scoot out'n the way, but the wimmin folks an' my gal Sally is always, in generally, the

skeerdest in the world uv 'em. I never seed but one woman what wouldn't cut up when er snake was 'bout, an' that was ole Misses Lemay, an' she didn't care er dog on bit for all the sarpints that ever cum er 'long. That old gal was er hoss! Pledge you my word I b'leeve she was pizen!—couldn't be no other way. Didn't never hear how that ole petticoat bit the snake? Well, I'll tell you.

She went out one day an' was er squattin' down, pickin' up chips, an' the first thing she know'd she got onto the whappinest, biggest, rustiest yaller moccasin that ever you shuck er stick at, an' bein' as how she was kinder deaf, she didn't hear him when he 'gin to puff an' blow, and hiss like. The fust thing she knowed he bit her, *slap*—the all-firedest, biggest kinder lick! You orter seen that old gal, how she fell down, an' rolled, an' waller'd, an' tumbled 'bout and holler'd nuff, an' screamed, an' prayed, an' tried to sing er sam, and played h—ll generally! You'd er thought the very yearth was er cummin to an eend! Then she begin hollerin' for help. Sez she, Misses Hooter, cum here an' kill this here snake! Well, my wife run out and fotch the old 'oman in the house an' gin her some whiskey, an' she tuk it like milk. Torectly she sorter cum to herself, and sez my wife to her—sez she to Misses Lemay, sez she—“Misses Lemay, what hurts you?”

“Snake-bit!” sez she.

“Whar 'bouts?” sez I.

“Never mind,” sez she—“snake bit!”

“But Misses Lemay!” sez I, “tell me whar he bit you, so as we may put somethin' to it.”

Sez she, lookin' kinder glum, and turnin' red in the face—sez she to me, “It don't want nuthin' to it: I'm snake-bit, an' taint none er your bizziness whar?”

With that I smelt a mice, and commenced larfin. You orter hearn me holler! If I didn't think I'd er bust my biler, I wish I may never see Christmas! I ain't larfed so much since the time John Potter got on the bar's back without no knife, an' rode him 'round, like er hoss, and was skeer'd to get off! I give you my word I farly rolled!

Soon as the ole 'oman 'gin to open her eyes, an' I see thar warnt nuthin' much the matter with her, my wife she grabbed up the tongs an' went out to kill the snake, an' I follered. When I see the reptile, sez I to my wife, jest wait er minit, sez I. 'Taint no use killin' him—he's past prayin' for! I pledge you my word he was as dead as Billy-be-d—d! "What made him die?" sez my wife to me. Don't know, sez I—'spose he couldn't stand it. Torectly Mat Read he cum up, an' when he hearn what had been goin' on, he was so full er larf his face turned wrong side out'ards, and sez he—"Poisoned, by golly!"

That ole 'oman aint been skeer'd uv er snake sense, an' goes out huntin' 'em reglar. I told her one day, sez I, Misses Lemay, sez I, I'll give you the best bunch of hog's bristles I've got to brush your teeth with, if you'll tell me how not to git skeer'd uv er snake! She didn't say nare a word, but she turned 'round an' took me kerbim right 'tween the eyes! I tell you what, it made me see stars. I aint sed snake to her since.

Howsever, that ain't tellin' you how the sarpint kinder chawed up my darter Sal. I'll tell you how 'twas. You see there was gwine to be a mity big camp meetin' down at Hickory Grove, an' we all fixed up to go down an' stay er week, an' my wife, she looked up everything 'bout the house, an' all sorts of good things—bacon, an' possum fat, an' ash cake, an' a great big sausenger, 'bout as

big as your arm, an' long enuff to eat er week—'cause, she said Parson Dilly loved sausengers the best in the world. Well, when we got there, I went to the basket what had the vittals in it, to git somethin' to eat, but the sausenger wasn't thar, an' sez I to my darter, sez I, "Sally, gal, what's 'come er that ar sausenger?" Then she turned red in the face, an' sez she, "Never mind—it's all right." I smelt that thar war somethin' gwine on wrong—for you see the wimmin folks 'bout where I lives, is h—ll fur new fashions, an' one day one uv them ar all-fired yankee pedlars come er long with er outlandish kind uv er jigamaree to make the wimmin's coat sorter stick out in the t'other eend, an' the she's, they all put on one, case they 'sposed the he's would love to see it. Well, my Sal, she got monsous stuck up 'bout it, an' axed me to giv her one; but I told her she had no more use for one, nor er sittin' hen had for a midwife, an' I wouldn't do no such er thing, case how she was big enough thar at first.

Well, as I was er sayin', camp meetin' day it came, an' we was all thar, an' the she-folks they was fixed up in er inch uv their lives, an' thar she was er fijjittin, an' er twistin' an' er wriglin about with er new calico coat on, all stuck up at the hind eend, an' as proud as er hee lizzard with two tails! Tell you what—she made more fuss nor er settin' hen with one chicken! I was 'stonished what to make uv that whoppin big lump on behind. Howsever, it was 'simmon time, an' she'd bin eatin er powerful sight uv um, an' I 'sposed she was gitin fat—so I shut up my fly trap, an' lay low an' kep dark! Torectly the preachin' it begin, an' Parson James, he was up on er log er preachin', an' er goin' it "hark from the tomb!" I tell you what Brother James was loud that day! Thar he was, with the Bible on er board—stickin 'twene two saplins, an' he was er cummin' down

on t with his two fists worse nor maulin rails; an' er storapin his feet, an' er slobberin' at the mouth, an' er cuttin up shines worse nor er bob-tail bull in fly time! I tell you what, ef he *didn't* go it boots that time, I don't know! Torectly I spy the heatherns they commence takin' on, and the sperit it begin to move um for true—for brother Sturtevant's ole nigger Cain, an' all uv um, they 'gin to kinder groan an' whine, an' feel erbout like er corn stalk in er storm, an' brother Gridle, he begin er rubbin his hands an slappin' um together, an' scramblin' about on his knees, an' er cuttin' up like mad! In about er minit, I hearn the all-firedst to do, down 'mongst the wimmin, that ever cum along, and when I kinder cast my eye over that way, I spy my Sal er rarein' and er pitchin', er rippen' an' er tarein' and er shoutin' like flinders! When brother James see that, he thought she'd done got good, an' he cum down off the log, an' sez he, "Pray on sister!"—an' the she's they all got round her, an' cotch hold uv her, and tried to make her hold still. But 'twarnt no use. The more they told her "to don't" the more she hollered. Torecly I diskiver she'd done got 'ligious, an' I was so glad, it kinder lift me off'n the ground—an' sez I, "go it Sal!—them's the licks!—blessed am them what seeks, for them's um what shall find!" Then the wimmin they all cotch holt of her by the har, an' commence wollerin' her 'bout in the straw, an' sez I, "that's right, sisters—beat the Devil out'n her." And they *did* too! I tell you what—the way they did hustle her about mongst the straw and shucks was forked! In about er minit I 'gin to get tired and disgustified, an' tried to make her shet up, but she wouldn't, but kep a hollerin worser and worser, an' she kinder keeled up like a possum when he makes 'ten he's dead! Torecly she sorter cum to herself so she



could talk, an' sez I, "Sal, what ails you, gal?" The fust word she sed, sez she, "Snake!"

"Whar 'bouts?" sez I.

"Snake," says she agin—"sarpent! take it off, or he'll chaw me up be g—d!"

"Well!" sez my wife; "that's cussin!"

"Whar's enny snake?" sez I.

"Snake!" sez she; "snake! snake!!" an' then she put her han' on the outside of her coat, an' cotch hold uv somethin, and squeezeed it tight as er vice!

When I seed that, I knowed it was er snake sure nuff, what had crawled up under her coat; an' I see she'd put her hand on the outside uv her clothes, an' cotch it by the head. Soon as I see'd that, I knowed he couldn't bite her, for she helt onto him like grim death to a dead nigger; and I 'cluded 'twarn't no use bein' in too big er hurry; so I told John Potter not to be skeer'd, an' go an' grab the sarpent by the tail, and sling him h—llwards! Well, Potter he went and sorter felt uv him on the outside uv her coat, an' I pledge you my word, he was the whappinest biggist reptile that ever scooted across er road!—I tell *you* if he warn't as big as my arm, Mike Hooter is as big er liar as ole Dave Lemay—and you know he's a few in that line! Well, when Potter diskiver that she helt the snake fast, he begin feelin' up for the reptile's tail, sorter like he didn't like to do it at fust, an' then sorter like he did. When it come to that, Sal she kinder turned red in the face and squirmed er bit, but 'twarn' no time for puttin' on quality airs then, and she stood it like er hoss! Well, Potter he kep er feelin' up, an' feelin' an' er feelin' up, sorter easy like, an' torectly he felt somethin' in his han'. "I've got him," sez Potter, "well I have, by jingo!" "Hole on to him, Sal," sez I, "and don't you do nothin, Mr. Potter, till I give the word, and when I say

'go!' then, Sal, you let go uv the varmint's head; and Potter—you give the all-firedest kind on er jerk, and sling him to h—ll and gone!"

I tell you what, them was squally times! and I vise you, the next time you go up to Yazoo, jest ax enny body, and if they don't say the snakes up in them parts beats creation, then Mike Hooter'll knock under.

At this point of the narration we ventured to ask Mike what became of the snake?

"As I was er sayin'," continued he, "thar was my Sal er holein the sarpent by the head, and John Potter he had him by the tail, and Sal she was er hollerin' and er screamin', an' the wimmin, they was all stannin' round, skeered into er fit, and the durndest row you ever hearn—" "hole on to him, Sal," sez I; "and you, John Potter, don't you move er peg till I give the word; and when I say 'jerk!' then you sling him into the middle of next week." I tell you what, we had the orfullest time that ever I see! Let's liquor!

"That's the best red eye I've swallered in er coon's age," said the speaker, after bolting a caulker. "But, how did you manage at last?" asked a listener.

"Well, you see," said he, "thar was my Sal, an' thar was all the folks, and thar was the snake, an' John Potter holein' him by the tail, skeer'd out'n his senses, and h—ll to pay! I was gettin' sorter weak in the knees, I tell you, an' brother James' eyes looked like they'd pop out'n his head, an' sez I to John Potter, sez I to him, sez I, "John Potter, don't you budge tell I say go! and when I gives the word, then you give him er jerk, and send him kerslap up agin that tree, and perhaps you'll gin him er headache. Now John Potter," sez I, "is you ready?" sez I. "I is," sez he, "Now look at me," sez I, "and when I drap this handkercher," sez I, "then you jerk

like flujuns," sez I. "Yes," sez he. Then I turned round to Miss Lester, and sez I, "Miss Lester, bein' as how I haint got no handkercher, 'spose you let me have that koon-skin cape uv yourn." Sez she, "Uncle Mike, you can have enny thing I is got." "'Bliged to you," sez I, "and now John Potter," sez I, "when I drops this koon-skin cape, then you pull!" "Yes," sez he. "Now," sez I, "keep your eye skinned, and look me right plum in the face, and when you see me drap this, then you wal-lum the sarpent out. Is you ready?" sez I. "Yes," sez he! "Good," sez I, "jerk!" an' when I said jerk, he gin the *whoppinest* pull, and sent him kerwhop! about er mile an er feet! I pledge you my word, I thought he'd er pulled the tail of the varmint clean off!"

Here Mike took a quid of tobacco, and proceeded—"I've bin in er heap er scrapes, and seen some of the all-firedest cantakerous snakes that ever eum erlong, but that time beats all!"

"What kind of a snake was it," asked a listener. "I'll tell you," said he—" 'twarnt nuthin more'n I 'spected. Sal thought she'd look big like, an' when she was shoutin' and dancin' er bout, that sausenger what she'd put on for er bustle, got loose round her ankle, and she thought 'twas er snake crawlin' up her clothes!"

Mike left in a hurry.

# THE "EXPERIENCE" OF THE BLACKSMITH OF THE MOUNTAIN PASS.

*A Georgia Story.*

BY THE HON. JOHN B. LAMAR.

## CHAPTER I.

AT the entrance to one of those gorges, or gaps, in the great Apalachian chain of mountains, in their passage across the northern portion of Georgia, a blacksmith had erected his forge in the early settlement of that region by the Anglo-American race, and drove a thrifty trade in the way of facing axes, and pointing ploughs, for the settlers; and shoeing horses for wayfaring people, in their transit through the country to examine gold-mines and land.

As he was no ordinary personage in the affairs of his neighbourhood, and will make a conspicuous figure in this narrative, some account of his peculiarities will not be uninteresting. Having acted through life on a homely maxim of his own,—“pay up as you go up,”—he had acquired some money, and was out of debt; and consequently enjoyed “the glorious privilege of being independent,” in a degree that is unknown to many who occupy a larger portion of the world’s attention than himself. He was a burly, well looking man of thirty-five, just young enough to feel that all his faculties, mental and physical, had reached their greatest development; and just old enough to have amassed sufficient experience of

men and things, to make the past serve as a finger-post to his future journey through life. With a shrewd, but open, bold, and honest look, there was a gleeful expression in the corners of his eyes, that spoke of fun. The "laughing devil in his eye" was not a malicious spirit, however. His physical conformation was that which combined great strength with agility; and if he had been fated to have been a contemporary of his great prototype, Vulcan, there can be no doubt but the Lemnian blacksmith would have allotted to him a front forge in his establishment, to act as a sort of pattern-card, and to divert the public gaze from his own game leg to the fair proportions of his foreman.

Now, although Ned Forgeron, for such was the name he had inherited from some Gallic ancestor, was a good-natured man, yet the possession of great muscular strength and courage, and the admiration which a successful exercise of those powers never fails to command, had somewhat spoiled him. Without meaning to injure any mortal, he had managed, nevertheless, to try his prowess on sundry of his neighbours; and from the success which always crowned his honest efforts in that way, had unconsciously acquired the character of *a bully*.

With very few early advantages of elementary education, he had, nevertheless, at different periods, collected a mass of heterogeneous information, which he was very fond of displaying on occasions. He was a sort of political antiquary; and could tell the opinion of Mr. Jefferson or Mr. Madison on any subject; and was referred to on all disputed points, on the theory and history of the government, that arose among the candidates for the legislature, and county politicians. This he studied on account of the consequence it invested him with. But why he had treasured up an old and well thumbed copy

of Paine's "Age of Reason," and affected skepticism as to the veracity of the story of Jonah and the whale, and Balaam and his ass, would be hard accounting for, unless it proceeded from the desire of a character for singularity and erudition. When vanity once gets the mastery of a man's reason, there is no telling the absurdities it will lead him into. He was fond of speaking of Volney, and of being found with a copy of Taylor's "Diegesis" in his hand, although few of his neighbours had heard of the author of the "Ruins," or knew what Diegesis meant.

This peculiarity, together with the pertinacity of the missionaries, Worcester and Butler, which carried them to the penitentiary, may account for the great aversion of Mr. Edward Forgeron to all preachers of the gospel.

His dislike for them was so excessive, that he could scarcely speak of the "hypocritical scoundrels," as he called them, without flying into a passion, and using indecorous language. But a circumstance occurred, which gave his zeal a distinct and sectarian direction. A Methodist preacher over in Tennessee, who was fond of spicing his discourse with anecdotes, once made him the principal character in a long sermon. His peculiarities were dilated on, and his heresies dealt with in becoming severity. He was ridiculed, and his literary acquirements disparaged by the preacher. All this came to the ears of Forgeron, with such additions and embellishments as stories usually receive in passing to a third person. It would be as useless to attempt to describe a mountain-storm, as to picture the wrath of this mountaineer. But if we cannot portray the storm, the consequences may be easily told. The blacksmith swore in his wrath he would whip every Methodist preacher that passed the gap, in revenge of his insult.

Forgeron was a man of his word, as the bruised fea-

tures of many of John Wesley's disciples could testify. His character soon went abroad, and the good old matrons of the surrounding counties on each side of the mountain trembled at his name. In short, the mountain pass, which was really as romantic a place as a landscape painter would seek for a picture, and was just the spot to remind a youth, fresh from his classic studies, of the place where Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans fell, in attempting to defend Greece against the army of Xerxes—in despite of the grandeur of its beetling cliffs and the beauty of its verdure, was associated in the minds of many pious persons, with the broad gate that lead to destruction. And Ned Forgeron, the handsome blacksmith, was invested with the attributes and hideous aspect of his Satanic Majesty, by many a mountain girl who would doubtless have fallen in "love at first sight" with him under any other name. The preacher whose circuit lay on either side of the mountain, at the time Ned's direful edict was promulgated to the world, was a meek and lowly man, who approached nearly in his natural disposition to willing obedience to the mandate, relative to turning the cheek to the smiter. The poor soul passed many sleepless nights, in view of the fate that awaited him at the mountain pass. In his dreams he saw Forgeron, with a huge sledge-hammer in his hand, ready to dash out his brains, and would start with such violence as to wake himself. He inquired if there was no other place at which the mountain could be passed, only to learn his doom more certainly. Being a timid man, but withal devoutly impressed with a sense of duty, he resolved to discharge his duties faithfully, be the consequences what they might. Like a lamb going to the slaughter did he wend his way toward the gap; as he came in front of the shop, the blacksmith was striking

the last blow on a shovel, and singing away the tune of "Clear the Kitchen"—

"Old Georgia is a noble State,  
Her laws are good, her people great."

On catching a glimpse of the poor parson, who had flattered himself that he was about to pass with impunity, Ned sung out—"Stop, there, you eternal shad-belly, and pay the penalty for my injured reputation!" The holy man protested innocence of having ever intentionally injured him, by word, or deed.

The man's subdued looks and earnest voice, had half dissuaded Ned from his stern purpose, when the giggling of his striker, and the cheering of two or three idlers, nerved him to do what he felt was mean. Let any one pause a moment, and reflect if he has never been urged on to acts his conscience smote him for by the opinions of others, before Mr. Forgeron is sentenced as a devil. The preacher received several boxes on his ears, and heard many denunciations against his sect before he was permitted to depart; and when that permission was received, he was not slow in availing himself of the privilege.

At the next annual conference, when circuits were assigned to the different preachers, this one made his appearance punctually, but by some process of casuistry convinced himself that his duty did not call for a revelation of his sufferings. Whether he was too sensitive of the blacksmith's character to expose it to rude remark, or had a preference that some worthier brother should occupy that healthy station among the mountains, is difficult to conjecture.

But Forgeron's reputation had extended beyond the circuit, and was done ample and severe justice to by others who had heard of his fame. It soon became the subject



of animated conversation, and there was no little wincing, each one fearing it would be his cruel fate to be sent a victim to appease the wrath of this human minotaur against the Methodist church.

After a time, it was decreed that the Reverend Mr. Stubbleworth was the doomed individual, and when the annunciation came, many an eye of mingled pity and curiosity was turned on his ruddy, good-natured face, to see how the dispensation was borne; but not a muscle moved. With a quiet smile, he professed a perfect willingness to go where he was sent. He was "clay in the hands of the potter," he said. If he piqued himself on a stolid indifference to the blacksmith's pummelings, or if he relied on his ample dimensions to protect himself, he never disclosed it, but appeared as self-satisfied and content as ever. His predecessor looked for all the world like a mouse just escaped from the fangs of some terrible grimalkin.

Mr. Stubbleworth arranged his few sublunary affairs, and bidding his friends adieu, mounted his old roan and departed for his new home of trials, with a song of praise on his lips. Let us hope the best for him.

---

## CHAPTER II.

The Rev. Mr. Stubbleworth was very much pleased with his new situation. Having been transferred from a level pine-woods country, near the confines of Florida, the novelty of mountain scenery and a pure bracing atmosphere seemed to inspire him with new life. Complimenting all the mothers on the singular beauty and intelligence of their children, with a delicate allusion to their

own personal appearance, he soon became a general favourite. Mr. Stubbleworth "knew which side of his bread the butter was on." The time arriving for his departure to visit the tramontane portion of his pastoral care, he was warned of the dangers he was about to encounter; but they were heard with the same placid smile. The worthy ladies pictured to him "chimeras dire," sufficient to have abated the zeal of any other individual. But that gentleman quieted their fears, by appealing to the power that "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," with a countenance as lamb-like as could be imagined. And he departed singing—

"At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,  
As thy wants may demand, shall thy strength ever be."

They watched him until his portly person and horse grew dim in the distance, and turned away, sighing that such a good man should fall into the hands of that monster, the blacksmith. Forgeron had heard of his new victim, and rejoiced that his size and appearance furnished a better subject for his vengeance than the attenuated frame of the late parson. Oh, what nice beating he would have! He had heard too that some Methodist preachers were rather spirited, and hoped this one might prove so, that he might provoke him to fight. Knowing the clergyman must pass on Saturday in the afternoon, he gave his striker holiday, and reclining on a bench, regaled himself on the beauties of Tom Paine, awaiting the arrival of the preacher. It was not over an hour before he heard the words,

"How happy are they, who their Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above,"

sung in a full clear voice, and soon the vocalist, turning the angle of a rock, rode leisurely up with a contented smile on his face.

“How are you, old slab-sides? Get off your horse and join in my devotions!” said the blacksmith.

“I have many miles to ride,” answered the preacher, “and have’nt time, my friend; I’ll call as I return.”

“Your name is Stubbleworth, and you are the hypocrite the Methodists have sent here, eh?”

“My name is Stubbleworth,” he meekly replied.

“Didn’t you know my name was Ned Forgeron, the blacksmith, *what* whips every Methodist preacher that goes through this gap?” was asked with an audacious look; “and how dare you come here?”

The preacher replied that he had heard Mr. Forgeron’s name, but presumed he did not molest well-behaved travellers.

“You *presumed* so! Yes, you are the most presumptuous people, you Methodists, that ever trod shoe leather, anyhow. Well, what’ll you do if I don’t whip you this time, you beef-headed disciple, you?”

Mr. Stubbleworth professed his willingness to do anything reasonable, to avoid such penance.

“Well, there’s three things you have to do, or I’ll maul you into a jelly. The first is, you are to quit preaching; the second is, you must wear this last will and testament of Thomas Paine, next to your heart, read it every day, and believe every word you read; and the third is, you are to curse the Methodists in every crowd you get into.”

The preacher looked on during these novel propositions without a line of his face being moved, and at the end replied, that the terms were unreasonable, and he would not submit to them.

“Well, you have got a whaling to submit to, then; I’ll larrup you like blazes! I’ll tear you into doll-rags corner-ways. Get down, you beggar!”

The preacher remonstrated, but Forgeron walked up to

the horse, and threatened to tear him off if he did not dismount; whereupon the worthy man made a virtue of a necessity, and alighted.

“I have but one request to make of you, my friend: that is, that you won’t beat me with this overcoat on. It was a present from the ladies of my last circuit, and I do not wish to have it torn.”

“Off with it, then, and that suddenly, you basin-faced imp, you!”

The Methodist preacher slowly drew off his surcoat as the blacksmith continued his tirade of abuse on himself and his sect, and as he drew his right hand from the sleeve, and threw the garment behind him, he dealt Mr. Forgeron a tremendous blow between his eyes, which laid that person at full length on the ground, with the testament of Thomas Paine beside him. The Reverend Mr. Stubbleworth, with the tact of a connoisseur in such matters, did not wait for his adversary to rise, but mounted him with the quickness of a cat, and as he bestowed his blows with a bounteous hand on the stomach and face of the blacksmith, continued his song where he had left off on his arrival at the smithy:

“Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.”

Until Mr. Forgeron, from having experienced “first love,” or some other sensation equally new to him, responded lustily, “’Nough! ’nough! take him off.” But unfortunately, there was no one by to perform that kind office, except the old roan, and he munched a bunch of grass and looked on as quietly as if his master was *happy* at a camp-meeting.

“Now,” said Mr. Stubbleworth, “there are three things *you* must promise *me* before I let you up.”

“What are they?” asked Forgeron, eagerly.

“The first is, that you will never molest a Methodist preacher again.” Here Ned’s pride rose, and he hesitated, and the reverend gentleman, with his usual benign smile on his face, renewed his blows and song—

“I rode on the sky, freely justified I,  
And the moon it was under my feet.”

This oriental language overcame the blacksmith; such bold figures or something else causing him to sing out, “Well, I’ll do it! I’ll do it!”

“You are getting on very well,” said Mr. Stubbleworth. “I think I can make a decent man out of you yet, and perhaps a Christian!” Ned groaned.

“The second thing I require of you is to go to Pumpkinvine Creek meeting-house, and hear me preach to-morrow.”

Ned attempted to stammer out some excuse—“I—I—that is—”

When the divine resumed his devotional hymn, and kept time with the music by striking him over the face with the fleshy part of his hand—

“My soul mounted higher, on a chariot of fire,  
Nor did envy Elijah his seat.”

Ned’s promise of punctuality caused the parson’s exercise to cease, and the words, redolent of gorgeous imagery, died away in echoes from the adjacent crags.

“Now the third and last demand I make of you is peremptory.” Ned was all attention to know what was to come next. “You are to promise to seek religion, day and night, and never rest until you obtain it at the hands of a merciful Redeemer.” The fallen man looked at the declining sun, and then at the parson, and knew not

what to say, when the latter individual began to raise his voice in song once more, and Ned knew what would come next.

“I’ll do my best,” he said in an humbled voice.

“Well, that’s a man!” Mr. Stubbleworth said. “Now get up and go down to the Branch and wash your face, and dust your clothes, and tear up Mr. Paine’s *testament*, and turn your thoughts on high.”

Ned arose with feelings he had never experienced before, and went to obey the lavatory injunction of the preacher; when that gentleman mounted his horse, took Ned by the hand, and said “Keep your promises and I’ll keep your counsel. Good evening, Mr. Forgeron, I’ll look for you to-morrow,” and off he rode with the same imperturbable countenance, singing so loud as to scare the eagles from their eyries in the overhanging rocks.

“Well,” thought Ned, “this is a nice business! What would people say, if they knew that Edward Forgeron was whipped before his own door in the gap, and by a *Methodist preacher*, too?” But his musings were more in sorrow than in anger.

---

### CHAPTER III.

The disfigured countenance of Forgeron was of course the subject of numerous questions that night among his friends, to which he replied with a stern look they well understood, and the vague remark that he had *met with an accident*. Of course they never dreamed of the true cause. Forgeron looked in the glass, and perhaps compared the changing hues of his “black eye from a recent scuffle,” to the rainbow in the shipwreck scene—“blending every

colour into one." Or perhaps he had never read that story, and only muttered to himself, "Ned Forgeron whipped by a Methodist preacher!"

His dreams that night were of a confused and disagreeable nature, and waking in the morning, he had an indistinct memory of something unpleasant having occurred. At first he could not recollect the cause of his feelings; but the bruises on his face and body soon called them to mind, as well as the promise. He mounted his horse in silence, and went to redeem it.

From that time his whole conduct manifested a change of feeling. The gossips of the neighbourhood observed it, and whispered that Ned was silent, serious, and had gone to *meeting* every Sunday since the *accident*. They wondered at his burning the books he used to read so much. Strange stories were circulated as to this metamorphosis of the jovial dare-devil blacksmith into a gloomy and taciturn man. Some supposed, very sagely, that a *spirit* had enticed him into the mountains, and after giving him a glimpse into the future, had misled him to a crag, where he had fallen and bruised his face. Others gave the Prince of Darkness the credit of the change; but none suspected the Methodist preacher, and as the latter gentleman had no vanity to gratify, the secret remained with Ned. This gloomy state of mind continued until Forgeron visited a camp-meeting. The Reverend Mr. Stubbleworth preached a sermon that seemed to enter his soul, and relieved it of a burden, and the song of

"How happy are they who their Saviour obey,"

was only half through when he felt like a new man. Forgeron was from that time "a shouting Methodist." At a love feast, a short time subsequent, he gave in his *experience*, and revealed the *mystery* of his conviction and

conversion to his astonished neighbours. The Reverend Simon Stubbleworth, who had faithfully kept the secret until that time, could contain himself no longer, but gave vent to his feelings in convulsive peals of laughter, as the burning tears of heartfelt joy coursed their way down his cheeks.

“Yes, my brethren,” he said, “it’s all a fact: I did maul the grace into his unbelieving soul, there’s no doubt.”

The blacksmith of the mountain pass became a happy man, and a Methodist preacher.



## “PERTATERS AND TERNUPS.”

BY A SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

The writer of the following signs himself *Spoondrift*, and hails from Columbia, South Carolina. “Further, deponent saith not.”

ABOUT a stone’s throw (by telegraph) to the southward of the Empire State, lies a country, sometimes known as the “Palmetto State.” It *does* raise a fair “crop of spicy yarns, an’ this is one of ’em.”

C—a is something of a villagc, and noted as being cumbered by a wag of a young doctor, or perhaps it were better to say, that it contained a bran new, bright, and polished journeyman sawbones, just out of his time, and who loved a practical joke beyond all things else. Notwithstanding he was pitiless, sparing neither age, sex, nor condition, and as ready to hoax a friend as a stranger, he never lacked assistance from his acquaintances whenever he had concocted a “stringer.” All are ready to assist a guy; consequently our “Pills” was at no loss for coadjutors.

Premise 3d.—The parallelogram which constitutes the “square” of the “settlers” aforewritten, is devoted to the business portion of the place, and contains several hotels, groceries, and what not, with “quiet retreats” for the “sovereigns,” who there most do congregate. Of course the “square” is the market-place, and in one portion of it may always be found the farmers of the vicinity, with the products of their vegetable gardens, and fruit

“plantins.” The “Cracker” brings in his load, plants it near the walk, and waits for a bid.

An early bird was our doctor, and he generally “raked a worm” before breakfast. Sauntering round the market one morning, he espied a brawny Cracker ’tending a load of vegetables, upon the top of which was displayed a placard, fastened, a la finger-post, with the following inscription :

“PERTATERS AND TERNUPS.”

One second, and all was arranged. With spectacles upon nose, and face elongated, with every appearance of an anxious inquirer, the doctor bustled up to the owner of the “fruit.”

Dr.—*Good-morning*, stranger.

Cracker.—*Good-morn’n*.

Dr.—What have you got to sell?

C. (pointing to placard).—*Pertaters en ternups*.

Dr.—Got any eggs?

C.—No, I didn’t bring none.

With this the Dr. boomed, and making for the first grocery, he “put the boss on the lay.” Ben broke for the Cracker, and a colloquy like the following ensued :

Ben.—*Good-morn’n*, stranger.

C.—*Good-morn’n*.

Ben—What you got to sell?

C. (again pointing to placard).—*Pertaters en ternups*.

Ben.—Got any eggs?

C. (looking testy).—*Aiggs? Aiggs be d——d*

*Ad interim*, the Dr. had inserted himself into another “quiet retreat,” where his instructions were duly repeated, and carried out by Ike in this wise:—

Ike (approaching).—*Good-morning*, stranger!

C. (eyeing him).—*Good-morn’n*.

Ike.—Wot ev *you* got to sell?

C. (pointing, and eyeing Ike very sharp).—Pertaters en ternups.

Ike (anxiously).—Got *any* eggs?

C. (looking fight at Ike).—*No*—Aiggs? *H—l*, no!

Meanwhile the energetic Dr. had accomplished his fourth eye-opener, and enlisted the proprietor of the establishment in furtherance of the joke. Shaly, taking along with him a boy who toted a pair of very large baskets, presented himself to our vegetable tender. Shaly—obese, rubicund, coatless, fine teeth, age 30, weight 260lbs.; boy, age 40, weight 110, mouth open on the back, several teeth, lips resembling a railroad embankment, eyes (of course) spread.

Shaly.—*Good-morning*, stranger? (interrogatively.)

C. (looks at boy, and points to placard).—*Good-morn'n*.

Shaly—What *have* you got to sell?

C. (surprised, but still points)—*Pertaters en ternups*.

Shaly (backing out a little, as if disappointed)—Got any *eggs*?

C. (first at Shaly and then at boy).—*Aiggs!* in *them* baskets!

[Exit Shaly and boy. Enter an outsider, rather timid, but desires to buy *some* marketing. Sees the wagon, but not the sign.]

Outsider.—*Good-morning* (timidly).

C. (curtly).—*Yes*—taters?

O.—*No*. Have you—

C. (short).—*Ternups*?

O. (deprecatingly).—*No*. Have you got any—

C. (wrathfully).—*Aiggs en be d——d to yer!* No, *Sir*.

[Outsider leaves. Appears another of the Doctor's

crowd. Examines cart and Cracker. Sees a box in front, and fixing his eye upon it, remarks—]

Good-morning, stranger.

C. (slowly).—Good-morn'n.

Pur.—What have you got to sell?

C. (measuring our friend from head to heel, and evidently suspecting a hoax. Gent very grave, sedate, and business-like, anxiously awaits an answer. C. satisfied, says smilingly)—Pertaters en turnups.

Pur. (Craning forward, and looking at box in wagon).—Got any *eggs*?

C. (seizing “taters” in one hand, and “ternups” in t'other, shouts).—*Is them aiggs?* Kin you *see?* Em *I* aiggs? No, sir!

It would be an endless task to recount the dialogues of the various individuals who were “sent up” by our Dr. to purchase eggs; suffice it to say that after “tendin’ his load” during market hours, our unlucky jockey, badgered and baited with a constant recurrence of the inquiry for embryo hens, not having succeeded in disposing of any of his “roots,” concluded to “hitch up,” and put for home and “a market.”

On the outskirts of the “settlin’s,” and on the Cracker’s road homewards, stood a hotel, kept by a very worthy, jolly personage, yclept Mabin. Now Mabe was the soul of good nature, and very attentive to his guest, whether of high or low degree. The boys *did* say that he *drank*—if he *did not*, how did he attain his rotundity?

Our “pertaters” was acquainted with Mabe, and as he never omitted calling on his way out, he *lit*. Of course Mabe was innocent of the “string.” Mabe hearing wheels, rolls himself out on the “pizarro,” and hailed, as our friend was hitching old Ball for a short stop. Said Mabe—Good-morning, neighbour.

C. (carelessly).—Good-morn'n.

Mabe.—What have you got to sell?

C. (pricking up his ears, and advancing up the steps towards Mabe).—Hey?

Mabe.—What have you got to sell there? (pointing to the cart.)

“Pertaters” paused a moment, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, drew forth an ancient jack-knife, the blade of which, from its numerous applications to a grindstone, was abbreviated to the length of about two inches. Opening it with a jerk, taking a firm grasp, and poising it threateningly, he slowly and impressively said—“Pertaters *end* ternups, Mabin—but don't yer say aiggs, Mabin! Ef yer do, I'll sample yer gizzard!”

## THE COON-HUNT; OR, A FENCY COUNTRY.

BY MAJOR JOS. JONES,

*Of Pineville, Geo.*

'Tis really astonishin what a monstrous sight of mischief there is in a pint of rum. If one of 'em was to be submitted to an analization, as the doctors call it, it would be found to contain all manner of devilment that ever entered the hed of man, from cussin and stealin up to murder and whippin his own mother, and nonsense enuff to turn all the men in the world out of their senses. If a man's got any badness in him, it'll bring it out jest as sassafras tea does the measles, and if he's a good for nothin sort of a feller, without no bad traits in pertikeler, it'll bring out all his greenness. It affects different people in different ways—it makes some men monstrous brave and full of fight, and some it makes cowards—some it makes rich and happy, and some poor and miserable; and it has a different effect on different people's eyes—some it makes see double, and some it makes so blind that they can't tell themselves from a side of bacon. One of the worst cases of rum-foolery that I've heard of for a long time, tuk place in Pineville last fall.

Bill Sweeney and Tom Culpepper is the two greatest old coveys in our settlement for coon-huntin. The fact is, they don't do much of anything else, and when *they* can't ketch nothin you may depend coons is scarce. Well, one night they had everything reddy for a regular hunt, but owin to some extra good fortin, Tom had got a

pocket-pistol, as he called it, of reglar old Jimmakey, to keep off the rumatics. After takin a good startin horn, they went out on their hunt, with their lite-wood torch a blazin, and the dogs a barkin and yelpin like forty thousand. Evry now and then stoppin to wait for the dogs, they would drink one another's helth, till they begun to feel very comfortable, and chatted away bout one thing and another, without mindin much which way they was gwine. Bimeby they cum to a fence. Well, over they got, 'thout much difficulty.

“Who's fence is this?” ses Bill.

“'Taint no matter,” ses Tom, “let's take suthin to drink.”

After takin a drink they went on, wonderin what on yearth had cum of the dogs. Next thing they cum to was a terrible muddy branch. After pullin through the briers and gettin on tother side, they tuck another drink, and after gwine a little ways they cum to another branch, and a little further they cum to another fence—a monstrous high one this time.

“Whar upon yearth is we got to, Culpepper?” ses Bill, “I never seed sich a heap of branches and fences in these parts.”

“Why,” ses Tom, “it's all old Sturlin's doins—you know he's always bildin fences and making infernal improvements, as he calls 'em. But never mind—we's through them now.”

“Guess we is,” ses Bill; “here's the all-firedest tall fence yet.”

Shure enuff, thar they was right agin another fence. By this time, they begun to be considerable tired and limber in the gints, and it was sich a terrible high fence—Tom drapped the last piece of the torch, and thar they was in the dark.

“ Now you is done it,” ses Bill.

Tom know’d he had, but he thought it was no use to grieve over spilled milk, so ses he, “ Never mind, old hoss—cum ahead, and I’ll take you out,” and the next minit kerslash he went into the water.

Bill hung on to the fence with both hands like he thought it was slewin round to throw him off.

“ Hellow, Tom,” ses he, “ whar in the world is you got to?”

“ Here I is,” ses Tom, spoutin the water out of his mouth, and coffin like he’d swallowed something. “ Look out, thar’s another branch here.”

“ Name o ’sense, whar is we?” ses Bill. “ If this isn’t a fency country, dad fetch my buttons.”

“ Yes, and a branchy one, too!” ses Tom; “ and the highest, and deepest, and thickest that I ever seed in my born days.”

“ Which way is you?” ses Bill.

“ Here, rite over the branch.”

The next minit in Bill went, up to his middle in the branch.

“ Cum ahead,” ses Tom, “ let’s go home.”

“ Cum thunder! in such a place as this, whar a man hain’t more’n got his cote tail unhitched from a fence, fore he’s over his head and ears in the water.”

After gettin out and feelin about in the dark a little, they got together agin. After takin another drink, they sot out for home, denouncin the fences and the branches, and helpin one another up now and then; but they hadn’t got more’n twenty yards fore they brung up all standin in the middle of another branch. After gettin thro’ the branch and gwine about ten steps, they was brung to a halt by another fence.

“ Dad blame my pictur,” ses Bill, “ if I don’t think



we is bewitched. Who upon yearth would bild fences all over creation this way?"

It was but a ower's job to get over this one, but after they got on the top they found the ground on tother side 'thout much trouble. This time the bottle was broke, and they come monstrous near having a fight about the catastrofy. But it was a very good thing, it was, for after crossin two or three more branches, and climbin as many more fences, it got to be daylight, and they found out that *they had been climbin the same fence all night*, not more'n a hundred yards from whar they first cum to it.

Bill Sweeney ses he can't account for it no other way but that the licker sort o' turned their heads, and he says he does really believe if it hadn't gin out they'd been climbin that same fence, and wadin that same branch till yet. Bill promised his wife to jine the Temperance Society if she won't never say no more bout that Coon-Hunt.

## “DOING” A SHERIFF.

*A Georgia Sketch.*

BY THE EDITOR.

*(With an Illustration.)*

MANY persons in the county of Hall, State of Georgia, recollect a queer old customer who used to visit the county site regularly on “General Muster” days and Court Week. His name was Joseph Johnson, but he was universally known as Uncle Josey. The old man, like many others of that and the present day, loved his dram, and was apt, when he got among “the boys” in town, to take more than he could conveniently carry. His inseparable companion on all such occasions was a black pony, who rejoiced in the name of “General Jackson,” and whose diminutiveness and sagacity were alike remarkable.

One day, while court was in session in the little village of Gainesville, the attention of the Judge and bar was attracted by a rather unusual noise at the door. Looking towards that aperture, “his honour” discovered the aforesaid pony and rider deliberately entering the Hall of Justice. This, owing to the fact that the floor of the court house was nearly on a level with the ground, was not difficult.

“Mr. Sheriff,” said the Judge, “see who is creating such a disturbance of this court.”

“It’s only Uncle Josey and Gin’rel Jackson, Judge,” said the intruder, looking up with a drunken leer, “Jest me an’ the Gin’rel come to see how you an’ the boys is gettin’ along.”



“DOING” A SHERIFF.

“It’s only Uncle Josey and Gin’rel Jackson, Judge”—Page 98,



“Well, Mr. Sheriff,” said the Judge, totally regardless of the interest manifested in his own and the lawyers’ behalf, by Uncle Josey, “you will please collect a fine of ten dollars from Uncle Josey and the General, for contempt of court.”

“Look-a-here, Judge, old feller,” continued Uncle Josey, as he stroked the “Gin’ral’s” mane, “you don’t mean to say it, now do yer? This child hain’t had that much money in a coon’s age, and as for the Gin’ral here, I know he don’t deal in no kind of quine, which he hain’t done, ’cept fodder and corn, for these many years.”

“Very well, then, Mr. Sheriff,” continued his honour, “in default of the payment of the fine, you will convey the body of Joseph Johnson to the county jail, there to be retained for the space of twenty-four hours.”

“Now, Judge, you ain’t in right down good yearnest, is you?—Uncle Josey hain’t never been put into that there boardin house, yet, which he dont want to be, neither,” appealed the old man, who was apparently too drunk to know whether it was a joke or not.

“The sheriff will do his duty, immediately,” was the Judge’s stern reply, who began to tire of the old man’s drunken insolence. Accordingly, Uncle Josey and the “Gin’ral” were marched off towards the county prison, which stood in a retired part of the village. Arriving at the door, the prisoner was commanded by the sheriff to “light.”

“Look-a-here, Jess, horse-fly, you aint a gwine to put yer old Uncle Josey in there, is yer?”

“’Bliged to do it, Uncle Josey,” replied the sheriff, “ef I don’t, the old man (the judge) will give me *goss* when I go back. I hate it powerful, but I must do it.”

“But, Jess, couldn’t you manage to let the old man git away? Thar ain’t nobody here to see you. Now do, Jess,

you know how I *fit* for you, in that last run you had 'long er Jim Smith, what like to a beat you for sheriff, which he would a done it, if it hadn't been for yer Uncle Josey's influence."

"I know that, Uncle Josey, but thar ain't no chance. My oath is very pinte'd against allowin anybody to escape. So you must go in, cos thar ain't no other chance."

"I tell you what it is, Jess, I'm afeared to go in thar. Looks too dark and dismal."

"Thar ain't nothing in thar to hurt you, Uncle Josey, which thar hain't been for nigh about six months."

"Yes, thar is, Jess, you can't fool me that a-way. I know thar is somethin' in thar to ketch the old man."

"No thar ain't, I pledge you my honour thar ain't."

"Well, Jess, if thar ain't, you jest go in and see, and show Uncle Josey that you ain't afeared."

"Certainly, I ain't afeared to go in."

Saying which the sheriff opened the door, leaving the key in the lock. "Now, Uncle Josey, what did I tell you? I know'd thar wan't nothin' in thar."

"May be thar ain't where you are standin', but jest le's see you go up into that dark place, in the corner."

"Well, Uncle Josey," said the unsuspecting sheriff, "I'll satisfy you thar ain't nothin' thar either," and he walked towards the "dark corner." As he did so, the old man dexterously closed the door and locked it.

"Hello! thar," yelled the frightened officer, "none o' yer tricks, Uncle Josey; this is carryin' the joke a cus-se'd sight too fur."

"Joke! I ain't a jokin', Jess; never was more in yearnest in my life. Thar ain't nothin' in thar to hurt you though, that's one consolation. Jest hold on a little while, and I'll send some of the boys down to let you out."

And before the "sucked in" sheriff had recovered from his astonishment, the pony and his master were out of hearing.

Uncle Josey, who was not as drunk as he appeared, stopped at the grocery, took a drink, again mounted the Gin'ral, and called the keeper of the grocery to him—at the same time drawing the key of the jail from his pocket. "Here, Jeems, take this here key, and ef the old man or any them boys up thar at the Court-House inquires after Jess Runion, the sheriff, jest you give 'em this key and my compliments, and tell 'em Jess is safe. Ketch 'em takin' in old Uncle Josey, will yer? Git up, Gin'ral, these boys here won't do to trust; so we'll go into the country, whar people's honest if they *is* poor."

The sheriff, after an hour's imprisonment, was released, and severely reprimanded by the judge, but the sentence of Uncle Josey was never executed, as he never troubled the Court again, and the judge thought it useless to imprison him with any hope of its effecting the slightest reform.

## A CASE OF SUPPOSITION.

The subjoined *petit morceau* originally appeared in the *New Orleans Picayune*.

A TEXAN returning home after the battle of Buena Vista, having separated from his companions, had his horse stolen by the Indians, and was obliged to take it on foot. Walking along leisurely one Sunday morning, with his rifle on his shoulder, looking out for game to make a breakfast upon, without knowing what day of the week it was, he suddenly came to a small stream on the confines of Texas, not knowing that he had as yet reached the border of his native state. Perceiving that the stream abounded in fish, he took a hook and line from his pocket, and, procuring some worms for bait, sat down patiently on the bank, wrapped in a brown study, thinking of his little farm at home, when a preacher who was on a circuit rode suddenly up and thus accosted him :

“Hallo, stranger! what are you doing there?”

“Fishing for my breakfast,” replied the imperturbable Texan, without deigning to look around at his interrogator.

“Well, do you know you are violating the Sabbath?” said the preacher, in a drawling, psalm-singing tone.

“No,” said the Texan, turning around and looking up at the preacher for the first time with an air of surprise, which the preacher took for consternation, “I must be somewhar near the white settlements, then?”

“Yes, you are,” replied the preacher, “and violating



the Lord's day, for which you will have to answer hereafter, on the great day of judgment."

The Texan looked up with a supplicating air, and the preacher thinking his penitent mood a good time to make him a convert, continued :

"Do you know, my young friend, that you are sitting on the verge of the broad stream of iniquity, and without you leave here and turn into the home paths of virtue, that you will be lost? Where do you think you would go to now," said the preacher, warming with his own eloquence, "supposing the angel Gabriel was to blow his horn?"

The Texan coolly hauled in his line, and fronting the preacher, said :

"You ask me whar I think I would go to if the angel Gabriel should blow his horn?"

"Yes," replied the preacher.

"Well, you see, wharever thar is an' if, the case admits of an argument—now, you are *supposin'*, ain't you? Well, now, maybe you know whar a bee-gum is? maybe you've hearn tell of these big black bar hereabouts, and maybe you've seen Injins? Well, now, supposin' you was after a bee-gum, and one of these big black bar was after you, and a smart chance of red skins were after the bar. Now, what would you do—keep the tree from the bar, jine the bar agin the Injins, jine the Injins agin the bar, or grease and slope?"

## THE AMATEUR TICKET-VENDER AT THE VARIETIES.

We clip the following amusing sketch from that spirited sheet, the *New Orleans Delta*, than which there are few better papers published.

THOSE who are familiar with the history of the last brilliant season of Placide's Varieties, will remember that our friend Tom, who, with many excellent qualities, is rather excitable and fly-off-the-handleish, used to have the very devil to play with some of his corps behind the scenes, especially the members of the ballet corps, who, on the strength of their charms and influence over the *dilletanti*, frequently cut some rather fantastic figures before high heaven and behind the green curtain. Now, it happened one night, when there was a great crowd thronging the entrance to the theatre, and Tom Placide was dealing out in the Ticket Box, that word came to him from the stage-manager, that some of the ladies of the ballet were kicking up a bobbery in the dressing-room.

“Confound these women!” exclaimed the irate manager, with his hands full of tickets of all colours, for which an impatient crowd were eagerly hallooing. “Here, Col. —,” called out Tom to a friend who was present; “take these tickets, and deal them out until I come back. The yellow tickets are for parquette and boxes, the blue ones for third tier, and the white for the coloured gallery.”

With this hurried explanation, Placide dashed out of

the Ticket-Box, leaving his substitute to satisfy the demands of the impatient crowd for tickets.

Now the manager's vice, on this occasion, though one of the best fellows and most sensible gentlemen in our city, is rather slow to comprehend matters of detail, especially when hurried. On this occasion, therefore, he did not understand very clearly the instructions of the manager, as to the colours of the tickets, and the department of the theatre which they represented. Whilst reflecting upon the subject, and speculating upon the relation which the colours of the tickets might have to those whose locality they indicated, the crowd grew impatient, and called loudly for their tickets. With desperate nervousness, our friend, at a venture, dealt out the tickets to the applicants. The white tickets he sold to the nice gentlemen in white kids and fancy coats, the blue tickets he sold out to some upper-country flatboatmen who were pretty *blue*, and the yellow ones he dealt to the darkies. Thus the crowd was soon served. Our friend having thus satisfactorily performed his vicarious duties, had taken his seat and was smoking a pleasant Cubana, smiling at his own sagacity in the matter of the tickets, when suddenly his attention was arrested by a loud uproar in the theatre. He listened attentively, and could hear distinctly the terrific cry, "Put 'em out!" "Get out!" and similar demonstrations of public dissatisfaction, mingled with hisses, outcries, cat-mewings, and similar demonstrations.

This uproar continued for some time, when there was a slight lull, followed by the sound of a rushing crowd through the doors, and the tumbling noise of a crowd of individuals proceeding with more than usual rapidity down the steps from the parquette. The amateur ticket-vender peeped out of his little box-hole, and there to his surprise he saw a number of his coloured friends, to whom

he had distributed yellow tickets, lying sprawling at the foot of the steps, whilst several others were following them in rapid succession, under the influence of dorsal applications of the pedal extremities of several irate and vigorous gentlemen at the head of the steps. Catching the eye of one of the impertinent Africans, our ticket-vender asked him what was the matter?

“Oh, you know well enough, massa; you send me ’mong white folks, and dey kick dis nigger right down stairs! Oh, massa! dat aint right, to sarve poor niggah so!”

“Bless me!” exclaimed our friend, “I have made some mistake here!”

He had hardly made the exclamation, when there was another commotion, and a rush below. This time the crowd was composed of white gentlemen, of the very elite and fashion of our city—gentlemen in fine blue frocks and white kids. They, too, appeared quite indignant, and the ticket vender was not a little alarmed to hear from the crowd such expressions as these—“The greatest insult ever offered to a gentleman!” “We shall hold every man in the establishment personally responsible!” and similar indications of belligerency. Presently the crowd had gained the front of the ticket-box, when nearly every gentleman present begged for the card of the “d—d impertinent rascal who had sent them up into that infernal strong-smelling gallery, where the cursed niggers sit and sweat!” They intended to resent such an insult in the most summary manner. In the meantime they would leave the theatre in disgust.

“Well,” reflected our friend, “that’s pleasant; I shall have to fight all these fellows to-morrow, just on account of this infernal arrangement, or rather derangement of Tom Placide, by which he makes white tickets for niggers, and yellow tickets for white folks. Well, it is

some consolation to know that I have got out of this trouble now!"

But our friend too was fast; for, to his terror, there was another rush to the ticket-box; and there, horrible to relate, glared upon him the fierce eyes of several long-haired and brown-faced upper countrymen. He cast an inquiring look at them, when he was informed by the largest of the crowd "that if he would come out of his cuddy hole, he would get the most all-fired cowollaping he ever hearn talk of!"

"Why, bless me, gentlemen, what is the matter?"

"You know cussed well, you weazel-faced ninnyhammer! You sent us decent folks, if we are from the upper kentry, and some of us members of the church, among a parcel of old, painted, toothless ——, to be giggled and laughed at by a parcel of your town monkeys!"

Just at this juncture of the difficulty, when the amateur ticket-vender was becoming quite nervous for his body's safety, he was relieved by the appearance of Tom Placide, in the shadow of whose portly body he skulked quietly away, declaring that in future his devotion to the drama and the fine arts might impel him to play any character but that of "ticket-seller."

## THE TELEGRAPH IN ST. LOUIS.

We are indebted to the *Reveille* for the side-splitting sketch which follows.

Two men from the interior, apparently marketers, halted at the corner of our alley last evening and listened attentively to the clinking of our press.

“What on earth is that rattlin’ machine?” inquired one of the other.

“D’no,” answered the questioned party, standing ready at the same time to beat a retreat if the “noisy varmint” should make a sudden appearance. “D’no what in thunder it is, but it keeps on a tremendous racket—it mout be a *telegraff*, Ike?”

“Good as wheat, by gravy!—’tis the telegraff, sure enuff, Sam,” replied Ike. “I heerd tha wur gettin’ it fixed up yur in St. Louis. ’Spose’n we take a squint at the flashin’ thing while its a goin’!”

They cautiously approached the window of the press-room and peeped in.

They first eyed the machine, then the negro at the wheel, then the pressman, and finally, stooped down to look beneath for the *lightning*.

“That’s it, shure enuff,” says Ike, “and that feller is ‘aken’ down them sheets what thur sayin’ in New York! Well, if these times don’t beat hoe’n’ taters, then I’m a sinner! What on airth’s goin’ to cum of these poor printer fellers, when tha gits this telegraff goin’ general? I’ll swar, ef tha don’t drive ’em all to plantin’ corn!”

“But whar is the *lightnin'*, Ike?” inquired Sam, “I don't see nuthin' but black streaks 'bout that thing!”

“I reckon it's wroped up in that wheel thar where the feller's puttin' on sheets—you see how it keeps them other things in continual jerk, just as it might be expected that thunder and lightnin' would do.”

“What in the yearth are tha doin' with that nigger, then? What's he holdin' on to one of the wheels for?” inquired Sam.

“Now you stump me,” says Ike, “for cuss me, ef I can see what he is doin' thar, 'cept holdin' the thing to keep it from taken' a general *rip*.”

“I never know'd,” says Sam, “that he could hold the fluid that-away afore; and now I've found it out, I'll just give my nigger Jake perfect Israel when I git home, for lettin' the lightnin' kill them steers of mine last July. The nigger said he couldn't help it, but I know'd he could if he'd a minded to. Jest see that vallyble boy thar how he holds on to the fluid?”

“*Stop!*” shouted the pressman to the negro at the wheel.

“Lean, Sam,” cried Ike, “she's goin' to rip, sartin, and I'd rather hev two shakes of agir than one of lightnin', any time.”

Satisfied that they had seen the telegraph in motion, Ike and Sam *leaned*.

## SMOKING A GRIZZLY.

BY JOHN S. ROBB, ESQ.

(“*Solitaire.*”)

Mr. Robb is a native of Philadelphia, though he has resided for some years past in St. Louis, Mo. He is the author of a volume of “Streaks of Squatter Life,” which was published a few years since in his native city. Mr. R. is connected with the *St. Louis Reveille*, and contributes many good things to its columns.

“WHAT, you hev never seen a *live* Grizzly?” exclaimed an old Oregon gold-digger, with whom we were engaged in a “*bar*” conversation one evening on Jamestown bar.

“Never,” said I, in all seriousness, “it has never been my good fortune to encounter one of the beautiful varments.”

“Well, hoss, when you *do*, perhaps it won’t be the pleasantest minit you’ve ever hed, for thar aint no varmint in these hills, nor any whar else I’ve ben, that kin kick wuss, either round or sideways, than a full grown Grizzly.”

“But you can easily get out of the way of a clumsy animal like that,” said I, provoking the old digger into a yarn of his experience in regard to Grizzlys.

“Well, when you kin get out of thur way, little feller, I gives you my advice, to get out quicker; for tho’ they aint built raal beautiful for runnin, they *lope* awful smart when thur arter a humin’ critter. I was desperate glad to get away from one myself once.”



I had provoked him to the edge of a bar story, and knowing from his manner, that his relation of such an occurrence as getting away from a Grizzly would be interesting, I tempted him on.

“Where did you say you fell in with him?” inquired I.

“I didn’t say I fell in with him anywhar,” answered he; “cuss the varmint, he fell in with me, and I’d a leetle ruther hev fell in with the Old Nick jest at that minit. I was over thar, two miles ’tother side of the high ridge beyond Sullivan’s, lookin’ arter that gray mule of mine—and talkin’ about wicked things, jest puts me thinkin’ what a detarminedly vicious sarpint that gray mule was! Well, I was huntin’ her, and arter runnin’ over the hill, and shootin’ down half a dozen gulches, I began to get out of wind; and set down to bless that gray critter for the many tramps she had given me. I’ll swar no lariat ’ud hold her, not ef it was made of bull-hide an inch thick. I hadn’t sot more’n a minit, when I heerd a snort, and a roar, and a growl, and a right smart sprinklin’ of fast travelin’, all mixed up together. Lookin’ up a perpendikular hill, right behind me, thar I saw comin’ my gray mule, puttin’ in her best licks, and a few yards behind her was a grizzly, not much bigger than a *yearling*. Many an infernal scrape that mule has taken me into afore, but this was rather the tightest place she ever did get me into. I hadn’t a weepun about me, ’cept one of those mean, one-barreled auction pistols; and that hadn’t a consarned mite of a load in, and I hadn’t nothing to load it with, and no time to put it in, ef I had; and ef it had been loaded, it wouldn’t hev been worth a cuss!

You had better believe boys, that my skin got moist suddint—thar warent no dry diggins under my red shirt, long afore that grizzly got down the hill. The infarnal mule no sooner seed me than she jest wheeled round and

put me atween her and the bar, and stood off to see ef I wouldn't lick him about as easy as I used to whale her when she got stubborn. Old grizzly drawed up when he seed me, and 'gin to roll his old barrel head about, and grunt, as ef I was mor'n he bargained for; and I'd jest given him that mule, easy, to hev got off square. As the fellers say at monte, he was a lay out I didn't want to bet on.

I commenced backin' out, and wanted to make it a draw game; but he kept shuffiin' up to me, and any feller who had been close to his head, would hev giv his whole pile just to get a chance to *cut*. I considered my effects—that pan, rocker and a crow-bar—jest as good as ministered upon; and almost felt the coroner sittin' on my body. I stuck my hands into my pockets to see if there warn't a knife about me, and I pulled out half a dozen boxes of *Lucifer Matches*, that had just been bought that afternoon. I don't know what put it in my head, but I sot a box blaxin', an' held it out towards old grizzly, and I reckon you havn't often seen two eyes stick out wusser than his did then. He drew back at least ten yards, and settin' the box down on the airth, I jest moved off about twenty yards in t'other direction. The bar crept up to the lucifers and took a smell, and if the muscles of my jaws hadn't been so tight with fear, I'd hev bursted into a reg'lar snort of laughin', at seein' how he turned up his nose and sniffled. The next minit he retreated at least fifty yards; and then I sot another box of the lucifers, and—boys, dar you b'lieve it—he gin to *back out!* As soon as I felt I had him skeert, I didn't keer a cuss for a whole drove of grizzlys. I jerked out another box of lucifers, teeched it off, and let out the most onairthly yell that ever woke those diggins, and the way that bar broke into a canter 'ud hev distanced any quarter nag in Chris-

tendom! He jest seemed to think that anythin' that could fire up as easy, and smell as bad as me, war rather a delicate subject to kick up a row with. As he was gettin' over the hill, I fairly squeeled out laughin', and I'll swar ef that impudent mule—which was standin' behind me—didn't snicker out too! I looked for a rock to hit her—instead of ketchin' her to ride to camp—and the ungrateful critter sot right off in a trot, and left me to walk! I made short time atween that ravine and my tent; for I was awful feer'd that my grizzly was waitin' some place to take a second look at me, and might bring a few older varmints along to get thur opinion what kind of crittur I wur.

Ah, boys! (said he, in conclusion) Providence has helped me out of many a scrape; but it warn't him saved me from the grizzly! Ef it hadn't ben old Satan, or some Dutchman, invented brimstone and lucifer matches, thar would hev been an' end to this critter, and the verdict would hev been—*Died of a Grizzly.*

## WHERE JOE MERIWEATHER WENT TO.

### A KENTUCKY YARN.

“I do believe that’s Bill Meriweather,” said the old lady hostess of the ‘Sign of the Buck’ tavern, as, attracted by the noise of a horse’s hoofs, she raised her eyes from her occupation of stringing dried slips of pumpkin, and descried, this side of the first bend in the road, a traveller riding a jaded horse towards the mansion. “I do believe that’s Bill Meriweather. It’s about time fur him to be round agin a buyin’ shoats. But whar’s Joe? Phillisy Ann,” continued Mrs. Harris, raising her voice, “catch a couple of young chickens, and get supper ready as soon as you can, you dratted lazy wench you, for here comes Bill Meriweather. But whar’s Joe? How do you do, Mr. Meriweather?” concluded the old lady, as the stranger arrived in front of the porch.

“Lively,” replied that individual, as he proceeded to dismount and tie his horse. “How do you come on yourself, old ’oman?”

“Pretty well, Bill; how’s craps down in your parts?”

“Bad, uncommon bad,” replied Bill. “There’s a new varmint come around in our county, that’s got a mortal likin for the tobaker crap. They looks a good deal like a fox, but are as big as a three year old nigger, and can climb a tree like a squirrel, and they steals a dozen or so ‘hands’ every night, and next mornin’ ef you notice, you’ll see all the tops of the pinoaks around the plantation kivered with them a-dryin’, and the infernal

Chawbacks—that's what we call 'em—a settin' up in a crotch, a chawin' what is cured, and squirtin' ambeer all over the country. Got any on em' up here yet?"

"The goodness, Lord ha' mercy, no, Bill! But whar's Joe?"

Up to this time Mr. Meriweather had been as pleasant and jovial a looking Green River man, as you might find in a week's ride along the southern border of Kentucky, and had finished his lecture on the natural history of the Chawback, and the unsaddling of his horse at the same time; but no sooner had the old lady asked the question, "Whar's Joe?" than he instantaneously dropped on the bench alongside the questioner, gave her an imploring look of pity and despair, let his head fall into his open palms, and bending down both until they nearly touched his knees, he uttered such a sigh as might a Louisville and New Orleans eight-boiler steam-packet in the last stage of collapsed flues.

"Goodness gracious, Bill! what's the matter?" cried the old lady, letting her stringing apparatus fall. "Hev you got the cramps? Phillisy Ann, bring that bottle here out'n the cupboard, quick, and the pepper-pods."

"Ah-h!" sighed the sufferer, not changing his position, but mournfully shaking his head, "I ain't got no cramps, ah-h!"

However, Phillisy Ann arriving in "no time" with the article of household furniture called for, that gentleman, utterly disregarding the pepper pods, proceeded to pour into a tumbler, preparatory to drinking, a sufficient quantity of amber-coloured fluid to utterly exterminate any cramps that might, by any possibility, be secretly lingering in his system, or fortify and barricade himself against any known number that might attack him in the distant future; and having finished, immediately assumed his former position,

and went into most surprisingly exact imitations of a wheezy locomotive on a foggy morning.

“Merciful powers! what can the matter be?” exclaimed the widow, now thoroughly excited, as Meriweather appeared to be getting no better fast, but was rocking himself up and down “like a man who is sawing marble,” groaning and muttering inarticulate sounds, as if in the last extremity of bodily anguish. But Mr. Meriweather was for some time unable to make any reply that could be understood, until at length, at the conclusion of a very fierce paroxysm, she could catch the words, “Poor Joe!”

“Is there anything the matter with Joe?” asked the old lady.

If it were possible for any *one* man to feel and suffer as far as appearance went, all the agony and misery that a half dozen of the most miserable and unfortunate of the human race ever have felt and suffered, and yet live, Mr. Meriweather certainly was that individual, for he immediately went off into such a state of sighs, groans, and lamentations, of “Poor Joe!” “Poor brother Joe!” that the widow, aroused to the highest state of sympathy and pity, could do nothing but wipe her eyes with her apron, and repeat the question—

“Where is Joe, Mr. Meriweather? is he sick?”

“Oh-h, no!” groaned the mourning brother.

“Is he dead, then? Poor Joe!” faintly inquired the old lady.

“The Lord ha’ mercy on our sinful souls! then *whar* is he?” cried the widow, breaking out afresh, “is he away to Orleans—or gone to Californy? Yes, that’s it! an’ the poor boy’ll be eaten up by them ‘diggers’ that they say goes rootin’ round that outlandish country, like a set of mean stinkin’ ground hogs. Poor Joe! he was

a fine little fellow, an't was only the other day last year, when you was on your rounds, that he eat all my little be——”

“ No, he ain't gone to Californy as I know,” interrupted his brother.

“ Then, for mercy's sake, do tell a body what's become on him !” rather tartly inquired the old lady.

“ Why, you see, Mrs. Harris,” replied Mr. Meriweather, still keeping the same position, and interrupting the narrative with sundry bursts of grief,—which we'll leave out —“ you see, Mrs. Harris, Joe and I went up airly in the spring to get a boat load of rock from Boone County, to put up the foundation of the new house we're building, fur there ain't no rock down in them rich sily bottoms in our parts. Well, we got along pretty considerable, fur we had five kegs ov blast along, and that with the hire of some niggers, we managed to get our boat loaded, and started fur home in about three weeks. You never did see anything rain like it did the fust day when we was a floatin' down, but we worked like a cornfield nigger ov a Christmas week, and pretty near sundown we'd made a matter of nigh twenty mile afore we were ashore and tied up. Well, as we didn't have any shelter on the flat, we raised a rousin' big fire on the bank, close to whar she was tied up, and cooked some grub, and I'd eaten a matter of two pounds of side, and half ov a possum, and was a sittin' on a log, smokin' a Kaintuck regaly, and a talkin' to brother Joe, who was a standin' chock up agin the fire with his back to it. You recollex, Mrs. Harris, brother Joe, who allers was a dressy sort of a chap, fond of the brass buttons he had on his coat, and the flairin'est kind ov red neckerchers; and this time he had on a pair of buckskin breeches with straps under his boots. Well, when I was a talkin' to him ov the prospect for the next day, all of a sudden I thought the little feller was a growin'

uncommon tall; till I diskivered that the buckskin breeches, that were as wet as a young rooster in a spring rain, wur beginnin to smoke an' draw up kinder, and wur a liftin' brother Joe off the ground!"

"Brother Joe," sez I, "you're a going up."

"Brother," sez he, "I ain't a doing anything else!"

And he scrunched down mighty hard, but it warnt ov no use, for afore long he wur a matter of some fifteen feet up in the air!"

"Merciful powers!" interrupted the widow.

"Brother Joe!" sez I.

"I'm here," sez he.

"Catch hold ov the top ov that black jack," sez I.

"Talk!" sez brother Joe, and he sorter leaned over and grabbed the saplin like as maybe you've seen a squirrel haul in an elm switch ov a June mornin'. But it warn't ov no use, fur, old 'oman, ef you'll believe me, it gradually began to giv' way at the roots, and afore he'd got five foot higher, it just split out'n the ground, as easy as you'd pull up a spring raddish.

"Brother Joe!" sez I.

"I'm list'nin," sez he.

"Cut your straps!" sez I, fur I seed it was his last chance.

"Talk!" sez brother Joe, tho' he looked sort a reproachful at me, for broachin' such a subject, but arter apparently considering awhile, he outs with his jack-knife, and leanin' over sideways, made a rip at the sole of his left boot. There was a considerable degree of cracklin fur a second or two, then a crash sorter like as if a wagon-load ov cord wood had bruk down, and the fust thing I knowed, the t'other leg shot up like, started him, and the last thing I seed ov brother Joe, he was *whirlin' round like a four-spoked wheel with the rim off, away down clost toward sundown!*"



## AN ARKANSAS ORIGINAL.

IN a backwoods settlement, in Arkansas, lived two brothers whom we shall distinguish as JIM and NED. Jim had seen a good deal of the world, had been present at one or two militia trainings and a cock-fight, and had actually seen a live steamboat. He was looked upon, consequently, in his immediate neighbourhood as considerable of a traveller. Ned was principally remarkable for his intense admiration for, and implicit obedience of his learned brother's opinions and advice. Now Ned had usually stayed at home "attending to things," while Jim performed the part of the prodigious son abroad. But one time when Jim was about starting, he determined to avail himself of his brother's experience and knowledge of the world, to see a little life himself.

Bright and early one fine fall morning, clad in the bright-green blanket-coat, and broad-brimmed hat, which form the principal features in the costume of the *elegants* of their section, and mounted on two raw-boned steeds, they started for the Mississippi, and reached a small town on its banks on the afternoon of the following day. Just as they arrived the "Gen. Jackson" had hauled up to the miniature levee, and lay puffing, and paddling, and jerking cotton bales and negroes over her bow, and looking for all the world like an infernal big frame house with the kitchen wall knocked out. Now was the time for Jim to display his knowledge. So dismounting from his horse and giving Ned the reins to hold, and having cautioned him

to wait until he had assured himself of the absence of all danger, he sauntered leisurely down towards the boat. It was a pleasant sight to see the air of knowingness and determination not to be taken in with which he nodded to every one he met, at the same time winking with his right eye, and jerking the raised forefinger of his right hand, as much as to say, "It's all very well, stranger, but they can't take *me* in; I know all about steamboats, I *should* think!" So he went on nodding and winking, until finally, not without great inward trepidation, he placed his foot on the boiler deck. Hardly had he done so, when splash went the wheels, the escape pipes sounded their tremendous *phloow*, and he was enveloped in a cloud of steam. Jim could not stand this, but plunging into the stream, soon stood red and dripping by his bewildered brother. "Ned," says he, "she's blowed, and I'm the only one left alive to tell the tale! let's go home."

"No, Jim," says Ned, "she hasn't blowed!"

"Well, if she hasn't blowed, she will blow—let's go home!" and springing on his frightened nag he disappeared, followed by his brother, from the eyes of the amused and astonished spectators.

Some weeks after their return, and after their settlement had somewhat got over the wonderful story Jim had regaled them with, a new hero entered upon the scene—one Mr. THOMPSON, who had been chopping in a wood-yard on the Mississippi for six months, and whose adventures created a good deal of excitement among his wondering fellow-citizens. Every one crowded down to hear his stories, and among the rest came our two brothers. Ned sat with open ears and eyes, wondering at all he heard, but Jim listened with a cynical smile on his face, like a man who was not to be humbugged—and occasion-

ally chimed in with a "very true, Mr. Thompson—you needn't tell us that—we've seen all that before,"—and then he would wink and shake his finger at Ned. At length Mr. T. incidentally mentioned the bursting of a steamboat at his yard. This arrested Jim's attention, "Stop, Mr. Thompson," said he, winking at Ned, "had she a d—d tall thing like a bee-martin pole stuck up forard?"

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Thompson.

Jim again winked at Ned. "And had she two great black things, like jackasses' ears in her middle?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Thompson.

Again Jim winked his expressive wink and nod at his brother. "And had she two blasted big things splashing and grappling in the water alongside?"

Mr. Thompson assented—and Jim repeated his wink. "And was there a small boat pulling along behind, and trying to come up all she knew how?"

"Yes," said Mr. T.

"Ned," said Jim, solemnly, and concentrating all his powers in one determined wink—"I knowed it was her, didn't I tell you she'd blow?"

## A FEARFUL TALE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY FALCONBRIDGE.

IN the year 1838, I went down to New Orleans as second mate and assistant *cook* of a *flat-boat*, from Zanesville, Ohio. Many of our readers are well aware of the arduous and dangerous situation I thus occupied; and to those, I need not detail the preliminary circumstance of getting under way, or heaving to, day after day, and night after night—the desperate leaps I made in jumping ashore with “the rope”—the tumbles I made in the mud—and the duckings I got in the water, which was just then—March—considerably colder than that used in “hot punches,” generally speaking.

It was a rough, drizzly night, and the double-dyed hues of the “silent watches” hung around “our devoted barque,” which, in consequence of the Stygian darkness and inclemency of the night, we had “tied up” to the right hand bank of the Mississippi, about ten miles below “Lost Prairie.”

If my memory serves me correctly, it was *thar*; and about the hour of two o'clock, A. M., I was called from my *state-room* (two old quilts upon some barrels of flour—part of our freight) to go on deck and stand my watch, until day broke. A watch, of course, is very essential, and is strictly kept on boats tieing up along the plantations, as the coloured population along the banks have a

great penchant for robbing and plundering flat-boats whenever a favourable opportunity offers. Nor are the niggers the only professors of the business; for cut-throats and highwaymen of lighter complexions than charcoal, have frequently made descents upon flat-boats, taken the freights, and in hundreds of cases murdered the unguarded crew.

We had "tied up," in a very suspicious place, close in under some tall cotton woods, and my "shipmate" that had last been "on watch" remarked to me that he believed "some d—— cuss was prowling around the cotton woods, waiting a favourable chance to crawl aboard in the bow, and levy on a barrel of flour or a few hams." The "bow" of a flat-boat is generally open; although the roof—excuse me—the *deck*, projects over the open space in the bow, thus sheltering what may stand or be placed beneath;—and under this deck, seated on a barrel, I took my watch, with a small pistol in my trowsers' pocket, and a pretty smart chance of a stick at my fingers' ends.

Having whistled and hummed most of the popular airs of the day to keep myself awake, I began to feel very drowsy. All of a sudden I caught a glimpse of something moving about and dodging around the cotton woods. Presently I espied another. I kept my eyes sharp about me, while a tingling cold feeling began to seize upon me, and a strong inclination to sing out for "help!" "fire!" and blue blazes! But, thinks I, I'll hold on a spell, and see if they make any attempt to come aboard, and if they do, I'll pull trigger with my pistol and shoot one of them, and that will arouse my fellow seamen in the cabin. Again I saw them—one came down very close to the boat, which lay rather too far from the bank to be stepped on board of; but, to my surprise, one of the invaders approached with something in his hands that looked like

a rail or board, which was evidently intended to assist in getting into the bow of the boat, or knock out my brains with if I stirred! I felt transfixed to the barrel-head, and my fist froze fast to my trowsers' pocket upon my brass-barrelled pistol; had the power to do so remained in my limbs, I should unquestionably have scrambled on deck and broke for the cabin.

I could just make out the dusky figure with the rail standing close to the boat; but it was evidently impossible for him to see me in the double darkness of my situation.

“Hallo! de bote?” said the fellow, in a quite low call, and by his *accent* I of course discovered he was a negro.

“Hallo! de bote?” he again called in a low, hoarse whisper.

The negroes are in the habit of thus calling out, and if they are answered by anybody they make some inquiries about the price of bacon or whiskey, and finally sneak off; but if no one answers, they naturally conclude all hands are asleep, and there is an opening for plunder.

“Hallo! de bote?” he now whispered, quite close to the bow.

He then disappeared, and in an instant returned with two others; the plank or rail was carefully laid on to the bow, and to my horror one of the villains began to come aboard! I was speechless and glued fast to the barrel-head with fear; but what was my utter horror and consternation to see, right before me, the hand of a white man, armed with a heavy horse pistol! It was evident now that robbery and *murder* was about to take place! Now was the time, or never, for me to make a desperate movement. It was plain I should be discovered if I kept still—should have my throat cut, and be quietly thrown into the swift, deep stream. My mind was made

up in a moment, and my self-possession returned as suddenly. Slowly drawing my pistol, just as the fellow put his head fairly under the deck and within two feet of my own, I pulled trigger!

A heavy fall of a man's body upon the bottom of the boat, and a terrific yell of anguish or horror, that aroused the crew, who came running forward in confusion and fright, announced the dreadful fact, that I had fallen from the barrel in my sleep, firing off my pistol by the concussion in my pocket, setting my trowsers on fire, and raising a lump on my forehead against the bottom of the boat of about the size of a goose egg! In fact, I was just about *killed dead* for a few minutes, and it required considerable vinegar and *whiskey* to resuscitate me. The Lord only knows where the *ball* in the pistol went to, but, with the exception of tearing the leg out of my old trowsers, and setting them on fire, I felt no serious effects from the malicious little projectile. I swore, of course, that I had been assailed—shot, and knocked down by a score of ruffians and cut-throats, and from the appearance of matters, the supposition was feasible enough.

Daylight appeared—we “cut loose,” and left the scene of my fearful adventure.

## A FRIGHTFUL ADVENTURE IN MISSISSIPPI.

*My first and last day on Dismal Lake.*

BY "THE TURKEY RUNNER,"

Author of "Chunkey's Fight with the Panther," "Falling off a Log in a game of Seven-Up," and other sketches.

DURING the last summer I accepted an oft-repeated invitation of an old friend, and accompanied him to his plantation, "Chicorea," where we spent a week very pleasantly, notwithstanding the heat, in hunting and fishing. This place is situated on the celebrated Deer Creek, and extremely isolated, being the first above its confluence with the Yazoo River, and by the sinuous course of the creek, sixty miles below the next plantation. The surrounding forests are celebrated for game. Bear and panther, and especially the latter, are, or have been, more numerous here than in the vicinity of any other place known in this singular and wild region of country. I had long promised myself the pleasure of following a good "team" of *dogs* through these unexplored wilds, and of slaying at least one bear and panther before I left. You can therefore imagine the pleasure I experienced, when, after repeated disappointments, I found myself at the close of a day's hard ride entering the "quarter" yard at Chicorea, and in doing so, rousing from their evening slumbers a famous pack, that had assisted in hurrying the spirit of many a gallant old *he* to "kingdom come."

I have had it in anticipation frequently since to write an account of the week's sport, but I have deferred



it so often and long that I am apprehensive I have forgotten some of the most exciting scenes. One *incident*, however, was so ludicrous that I will give it, and if it is deficient in soul-stirring interest, it may serve as a warning to some of my readers.

Our success had been neither good nor indifferent. We had hunted four days, and had killed a bear, several deer, turkey, and wild fowl; the evening of the fourth day found hunters and dogs worn out with constant labour, and debilitated by the extreme heat of the weather, and that evening, while sipping our coffee, discussing and laughing o'er the mishaps of the day, it was concluded to spend the morrow with the rod at a celebrated lake about three miles distant. To this arrangement I yielded a reluctant consent, not only because I was very much fatigued, but fishing is a description of sport that never had any charms for me. I found it impossible, however, to decline the polite solicitations of those who had laboured so hard at my *line*, and the next morning at daylight all hands, properly equipped, were in motion for the lake, where our sport—if such it *must* be called—was of the most successful and exciting character; at least, so I found it, and the balance of the company were too well bred to complain of their luck because mine for once had been more marked than theirs.

It is impossible to describe this singular sheet of water. I have visited many of the large lakes lying between the Sunflower and Deer Creeks, but none of them will compare with this in wild and dreary scenery. It is from one to three miles wide, and is formed by the overflow; its banks are flat and muddy, and covered with decaying trees, limbs, and the water fringed by coarse grass and weeds. Huge trees grow upon its banks, invariably leaning over the lake, and from their branches grow in profu-

sion the Spanish long moss, drooping to the surface of the water. Many of these trees, after attaining a certain size—owing to the weight of the moss, or the light and saturated soil in which they grow—fall into the lake, and as they decay, grass and weeds grow upon them. Their mass of roots, woven together and cleansed of soil by the rains, afford a secure retreat for reptiles and insects, myriads of which breed here. The bark of the trees, the moss, vines, old logs, and decaying leaves are all blackened by the overflow as far up as the water rises, some thirty or forty feet. Back from and parallel with the banks of the lake, there are ridges or drifts of sand; between these grow dense thickets of willow, all of the same sombre colour, and the lower limbs decaying, whilst the surface of the earth is covered by the falling branches, that crack and rattle under your feet. The whole scene is dreary, desolate, and offensive—the very atmosphere, loaded with unpleasant odours, falls with a chilling influence on the spirits. There are found here no gay-plumaged birds warbling among the trees—always a bright feature in Southern forests—no noisy kingfisher, dashing over the water. The only representatives of the feathered tribe were, an eagle, dreaming on a dead branch projecting from the surface of the water, and the foul birds that feed upon the noisome shore.

After carefully depositing our rifles in the boat, we embarked, and were rowed out and down the lake to a famous “stand”—a raft, formed of a mass of logs that had drifted against the roots of a sunken tree; here I was deposited, whilst the balance of the company continued on about three-quarters of a mile below, to another and similar place. The water out here was of a different colour, and looked less offensive than near the shore. Very unexpectedly I soon found myself deeply interested,

—the trout and white perch bit beautifully, and kept me industriously employed in pulling them out.

I had been absorbed by the excitement over an hour, by which time the sun had become oppressively warm, and satisfied with my success I wound up my line, and looked for my companions. They, however, had left the first raft, and proceeded further down the lake, where I could see them intent upon their sport, and, from appearances, profitably employed.

Whilst watching my companions and making signals for their return, I saw an immense alligator "*locomoting*" across the water slightly in direction of my "*location*." I had neglected to take my rifle out of the boat, and I regretted it very much, as he would probably approach near enough to give me a shot, and I had not killed an alligator. Whilst watching his motions I was nearly thrown into the lake by the plunge of a monster alligator gar, who was near enough to dash the water over the log on which I was standing. These gar attain an immense size in the lakes—from seven to ten feet long, and strong and bold as a shark. This little incident made me nervous, and the more anxious to get to the shore; I therefore continued my signals, and whilst so employed I was sensible of the approach of something in the water, communicated I presume by the swell, and turning round, beheld within ten feet of me a very large alligator. The log on which I was standing was a large cotton wood, and attached to the raft by its roots. I was some thirty feet from it, and the alligator midway between me and that; I could not therefore reach it without passing close to the alligator, an experiment which I was not inclined to attempt. It would be a very difficult matter for me to describe my feelings at this moment. I will not deny that I was very much alarmed, and commenced retreating towards the top of

the tree, from which there was a large strong prong projecting some ten feet above the water ; but it was a difficult matter to reach it, as a point of the log between me and the prong was submerged, owing, I presume, to a bend in the tree, and here, from the rotting bark was growing a clump of tall reeds ; I moved along, however, cautiously and lightly as possible, passed over a portion of the sunken point, and had reached the reeds and considered myself safe, when I discovered a large water moccasin, coiled up and almost under my feet. He lay there basking his loathsome scales in the "noontide sultriness," his round diamond-like eyes fixed upon me in a very unequivocal manner, and his long, fiery, and purple-pointed tongue hissing defiance. I was too near to use my fishing rod, and stepped back to club it and strike. As I did so the snake uncoiled and moved towards me ; this accelerated my retreat, but in an instant I was ready for him, and throwing myself back, was stung on the calf of my leg by something that made me involuntarily spring forward, and in attempting to leap over the snake in front, my foot slipped and I fell, and snake and all went into the lake together. "There, by — !" is the first thing I said, or rather thought, "this is what you get by fishing in such a hole as this ! You are now in the same bed with an alligator, an alligator gar, and at least two snakes !" This, or something near akin to it, crossed my mind as I was going down, not unmingled with a sense of my dangerous and ludicrous situation. I had very little time for reflection, but I knew it would not do to come up in the same place, because if I missed being "gobbled up" by the alligator, I would find a snake ready to twine round my neck as soon as my head appeared above the water, or sink its fangs in my hand if I attempted to keep it off, so I attempted to reach the shore. I swam as far and as long as

I could without coming to the surface, and when I did you may rest assured I did not throw away much time. Under I went again, and soon had in some degree recovered my self-possession, when my foot was struck by a large body that made me shrink, and for a moment give up all hope, expecting to be torn to pieces every moment by the alligator; but in an instant I summoned more resolution, and straining every nerve, pushed on, and soon reached the shore, half strangled with the thick water, and covered with mud and slime. I presume I must have struck a log with my foot, instead of being struck by the alligator, as I never saw it afterwards. I sat down on the bank, trying to collect my scattered senses, and in a few moments was joined by my companions, who had discovered something wrong—the boat was despatched for my hat, seen floating near the raft, and for my handkerchief tied round a small limb on the tree where I had been standing, and with which, no doubt, I came in contact, when I thought myself “stung on the calf of the leg.” My tale was soon given to my companions in its most frightful form; instead of commiserating my misfortunes, they scarcely retained their gravity long enough for me to finish. This I then thought not only rude, but unfeeling, and I returned to our quarters that night in a very unpleasant mood in consequence.

Soon after our arrival I was introduced with marked ceremony to the “stranger,” and in my familiar intercourse with him soon forgot the vicissitudes of the day—and so endeth my first and last day with the rod, on Dismal Lake.

## PRACTICAL JOKES AND BAD LIQUOR.

It is a well known fact that oftentimes both those jokes which are called "practical"—and that liquor which is termed "bad," have been productive of exceedingly evil consequences; but whether the liquor or the joke has done the most mischief, we are not called upon just now to determine. We propose to make mention of an affair where bad liquor and a practical joke were productive of the very best consequences imaginable.

Many years ago, while the State of Georgia was still in its infancy, an eccentric creature, named Brown, was one of its Circuit Judges. He was a man of considerable ability, of inflexible integrity, and much beloved and respected by all the legal profession, but he had one common fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into frequent excesses. In travelling the Circuit it was his almost invariable habit, the night before opening the Court, to get "comfortably corned," by means of appliances common upon such occasions. If he couldn't succeed while operating upon his own hook, the members of the bar would generally turn in and help him.

It was in the spring of the year; taking his wife—a model of a woman in her way—in the old-fashioned, but strong "carry-all," that he journeyed some forty miles, and reached a village where "Court" was to be opened the next day. It was along in the evening of Sunday that he arrived at the place and took up quarters with a

relation of his "better half," by whom the presence of an official dignitary was considered a singular honour. After supper Judge Brown strolled over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many old friends, called to the place, like himself, on important professional business, and who were properly glad to meet him.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, "'tis quite a long time since we have enjoyed a glass together—let us take a drink all round. Of course, Sterritt (addressing the landlord), you have better liquor than you had the last time we were here—the stuff you had then was not fit to give a dog!"

Sterritt, who had charge of the house, pretended that everything was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking bout in a country tavern—it will quite answer our purpose to state that somewhere in the region of midnight the Judge wended his very *devious* way towards his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some younger barristers, fond of a "practical," and not much afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt to the Judge's coat pocket.

It was eight o'clock on Monday morning that the Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of ablution and abstersion, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"Well, Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel much better than I expected to feel after that frolic of last night."

"Ah, Judge," said she, reproachfully, "you are getting too old—you ought to leave off that business."

"Ah, Polly! what's the use of talking?"

It was at this precise instant of time, that the Judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding, according

to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened, in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He jerked them out. With an expression of horror almost indescribable he exclaimed—

“My God! Polly!”

“What on earth's the matter, Judge?”

“Just look at these spoons!”

“Dear me, where d'ye get them?”

“Get them? Don't you see the initials on them?”—extending them towards her—“I stole them!”

“Stole them, Judge?”

“Yes, stole them!”

“My dear husband, it can't be possible! from whom?”

“From Sterritt, over there; his name is on them.”

“Good Heavens! how could it happen?”

“I know very well, Polly—I was very drunk when I came home, wasn't I?”

“Why, Judge, you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers.”

“But was I very drunk?”

“Yes, *you was*.”

“Was I *remarkably* drunk when I got home, Mrs. Brown?”

“Yes, Judge, drunk as a fool, and forty times as stupid.”

“I thought so,” said the Judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency—“I knew it would come to that at last. I have always thought that something bad would happen to me—that I should do something very wrong—kill somebody in a moment of passion perhaps—but I never imagined that I could be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny!”

“But, there may be some mistake, Judge?”

“No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it all



came about. That fellow, Sterritt, keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always did—liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of a mean thing. I have always said it was mean enough to make a man steal, and now I have a practical illustration of the fact!" and the poor old man burst into tears.

"Don't be a child," said his wife, wiping away the tears, "go like a man, over to Sterritt, tell him it was a little bit of a frolic. Pass it off as a joke—go and open Court, and nobody will ever think of it again."

A little of the soothing system operated upon the Judge, as such things usually do; his extreme mortification was finally subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went with a tolerable face. Of course, he had but little difficulty in settling with him—for aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an inkling of the joke that had been played. The Judge took his seat in Court; but it was observed that he was sad and melancholy, and that his mind frequently wandered from the business before him. There was a lack of the sense and intelligence that usually characterized his proceedings.

Several days passed away, and the business of the Court was drawing towards a close, when one morning a rough-looking sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the Clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the question:

"Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty—*but drunk*," answered the prisoner.

"What's that plea?" exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What's the charge against the man?"

"He is indicted for grand larceny."

“What’s the case?”

“May it please your honour,” said the prosecuting attorney, “the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel.”

“He is, hey? and he pleads—”

“He pleads guilty, *but drunk!*”

The Judge was now fully aroused.

“Guilty, *but drunk!* That is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, you are certain you were drunk?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Where did you get your liquor?”

“At Sterritt’s.”

“D’ye get none no where else?”

“Not a drop, sir.”

“You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole his money?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Mr. Prosecutor,” said the Judge, “do me the favour to enter a *nolle prosequi* in that man’s case. That liquor of Sterritt’s is mean enough to make a man do anything dirty. *I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole all of Sterritt’s spoons!* Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff; I adjourn the Court.”

## MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE.

THERE may be readers who will suppose the annexed recital to be an exaggeration ; but at least three hundred persons who were in the Capitol of the State of Mississippi on the 3d day of March, 1846, can testify that this account falls far short of the reality. The Clerks of the House, as in duty bound, entered the report of the member from Greene on the journals ; but, on the next morning, it was expunged by the House at the request of the member himself.

The best subject which came before the Legislature during the session of 1846, was the all-absorbing one in regard to the charter of “McInnis’ Ferry.” The owner of the ferry was a member—himself being the representative of his county of Greene—where the ferry is located ; and through all the trying scenes of getting the charter through, that honourable representative bore himself in a manner and with a spirit which, to say the least, were remarkable.

On the first broaching of the subject some opposition was made. The representative from Clarke, an adjoining county, conceived that the charter interfered with the rights of other citizens who had ferries on the same river (the Chickasahay), and, on the first reading of the bill, this same representative (Mr. Moody) moved its rejection. This motion brought Mr. Innis to his feet. He had never spoken before ; but in this one effort (his maiden speech) he more than compensated for his former remissness.

“I hope,” (said he, addressing the House, but not the

Speaker,) "I hope you will not reject my ferry bill. Gentlemen, *I'm bound to keep a ferry.* Them other men that's got ferries near me, ain't bound at all. They've got some little trifling flats to git across the river on when they want to go to mill—and when it's convenient for 'em to put a traveller over, they do it—and when it ain't, they don't. But *I'm bound to keep a ferry.* Ask Mr. Moody; he knows all about it. He knows I've kept ferry there across the Chickasahay for thirty years past. My ferry's right on the big road to Mobile and everywhere. There's three mails crosses at my ferry. Gentlemen, *I'm bound to keep ferry.* Mr. Moody knows I live at Leaksville, right at the Courthouse—and these fellers that keep the other little ferries—they turn my boats loose, and bore auger holes in 'em and sink 'em. I hope, gentlemen, you'll pass my bill. I've just got a letter from my son last night—a telling me that them fellers has been boring more holes in my boat. Gentlemen, *I'm bound to keep ferry.* I always cross everybody that comes—I'm bound to do it. And I always keep good flats, well painted with tar."

After this appeal and the necessary readings being gone through, the bill passed the House by a large majority, and was sent to the Senate.

Here a novel scene occurred—unprecedented, perhaps, in the annals of legislation—even of Mississippi legislation. By a resolution of the Senate, the representative from Greene was invited to address that august body upon the merits of his bill, which he did after the manner indicated in the above sketch of his remarks in the house. After the grave Senators had sufficiently amused themselves with the matter, they passed the bill. The worthy representative immediately hurried back to his seat in the House; and, although the clerk was reading in the midst of a document, the delighted member exclaimed:

“Mr. Speaker, my ferry bill has passed the Senate, and I want the House to concur!”

A roar of laughter followed this unique announcement.

As soon as the matter in hand was disposed of, there was an obstreperous call by the House that the gentleman from Greene should be heard in regard to his mission to the other branch in the Legislature. Mr. McInnis rose and said:

“Mr. Speaker, the Senate’s passed my bill!”

Speaker.—“What! have the Senate passed your ferry bill?”

McInnis—“Yes, sir; they’ve passed it.”

Speaker.—“Well, I’m very glad to hear that the Senate have passed the ferry bill of the gentleman from Greene.”

Mr. McInnis proceeded:

“Mr. Speaker, when I went into the Senate I told ’em all about my ferry, and some of ’em hopped on my bill.”

[Here there were cries of “Who opposed it? who attacked the ferry bill?”]

“Why, sir, Mr. Ramsey did, and Mr. Labauve, too. Labauve said he was travelling along there once on an electioneering tour, and like many other politicians, he was out of money; and he said I wouldn’t set him over at my ferry, because he hadn’t no money. I told him, right before the whole Senate, it wasn’t so.”

Speaker.—“That Labauve is a dangerous fellow to talk to in that way.”

McInnis.—“Yes, sir; he said he would throw a glove at me if he had one.”

No reporter, whatever his powers be, could do justice to the various scenes which the House and the Senate presented in the progress of the above-mentioned events. The crowding of members and visitors around the seat of the *Greene* representative whenever he rose or opened his

mouth—the roars of obstreperous mirth—the painful contortions of the Speaker's face, as he vainly strove to keep himself and the House in an orderly frame. These things all defied description—to say nothing of the greatest curiosity of all—the member from Greene himself.

In the course of an hour or so, a message came from the Senate, stating, among other acts passed, that they had passed the House bill, in regard to the Chickasahay Ferry.

The worthy member again arose—

“Mr. Speaker,” said he, “I hope you'll now let me have the bill, to take to the Governor to get him to sign it.”

Fortunately, the House was now too busy in discussing some other more important matter, or there would have been another convulsive scene. As it was, there was an incontinent burst of laughter, as sudden as it was universal and overwhelming, and then there was a calm again.

Night came—and new fuel was furnished to feed the slumbering embers of that mirth, which had nearly consumed the House during the day. In the morning a petition had been presented, from Harrison county, by Mr. McCaughn, praying the Legislature to pass a law, providing that lawyers might be elected as other officers are, and compensated out of the State Treasury—forbidding them to receive private fees, &c., &c. On this petition a committee had been appointed—including, singularly enough, the member from Greene.

Judge, then, of the surprise of the House, at the promptness of Mr. McInnis, when, at the night session of the very day he was appointed, he rose in his place, and made the following report, which, in due form, was read at the Clerk's desk; but was interrupted at the close of every sentence by shouts of applause and merriment; crowded

as the hall was by a brilliant array both of ladies and gentlemen :—

THE REPORT

*Of Col. Jack McInnis, from the Select Committee that had Mr. McCaughn's Lawyer Bill put to 'em.*

Now, Mr. Speaker, if this house will give me its detention for a few minutes, I think that I can explain this matter.

Mr. McCaughn has introduced a great passel of bills here, which is heredical and null and void, and hasn't got no sense in 'em. He put in a bill here to get up a theorological servey of the country, and this my constituents is opposed to, because they think there's no use in it. The people have enough to pay for now, that ain't of no account. There has been a good deal of 'citement about my ferry bill; and when I had used up Mr. Moody, and got it into the Senate, Laboo had to git up and say that he was at my ferry wonst, and I refused to set him over the river, because he didn't have no money—and I jest told him what he said warn't so. Now, I don't know much about this Laboo, but I don't think he is the clean cat fur, no how.

I give my vues about the pennytensherry t'other day, and I was right, for the things there does look like they was painted with tar—and I told the truth about it, and you know it.

Now, Mr. McCaughn is a man of great larning; he can write equal to any man in this House, and I'm 'sprized that as smart a man should have such heredical notions. He wanted to have a law passed here, for doing away with securities; but he couldn't get that fixed, and then he wanted to get the law turned so that a man would have to ax his wife when he wanted to go a feller's security. Now,

I have worked for my plunder, and I'm opposed to all such sort of laws. The Legislater has already passed a law, giving a man's wife his plunder, and his hard yearnings, and I believe Mr. McCaughn was the cause of it, for it is jest like one of them heredical laws of hizzen, that we have all hearn so much about.

Now, I think this law bill is a rascally bill—for I believe in letting the people get any lawyer he likes, and pay him what he chuses. And if this bill passes, why these heredical candidates would be always treating and fooling the people, just to get elected. There is too many rascals as is candidates now, and as sech, I'm agin it.

I'm much obleechd to the Legislater for passing my ferry bill. They ought to have passed it, for that man Wally, or somebody else, bored too inch auger holes in my flat, just because I got more ferrying to do than he did; but I've fixed him now, for I've got the best ferry anyhow; and the Senate's agreed to it, for all that fellow Laboo went agin it. And if you'll let me have the bill, I will jest take it right down to the Governor, to sign it. And I will go and raise my sunk ferry boat, and stop the auger holes, and ferry everybody as travels that way; and I'll take the greatest pleasure in crossing the members of this Legislater, because they passed my bill. But I'm agin McCaughn's bill anyhow, for it is time to stop all sich heredical doctrines.



## SHIFTING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

*A Hard Shell Story*

BY JOHNSON J. HOOPER,

Author of "Capt. Simon Suggs."

WHILE attending court, recently, in the adjoining county of Randolph, a friend who is fond of jokes of all sorts, and who relates them almost as humorously as "his Honour," gave us the following, vouching for the substantial, sub-lunar existence of the parties and their present residence "in the county aforesaid:"

Brethren Crump and Noel were both members of the Primitive Baptist Church, and both clever, honest men who paid their taxes and debts as the same annually accrued, with a regularity at once Christian and commendable. If, when settling day came round, Brother Noel was "short," Brother Crump was sure to be in funds; and on the other hand, it almost seemed providential how, if Brother Crump fell "behind," Brother Noel always had a surplus. Thus, borrowing from and lending to each other, worshipping at the same church, and living only a mile apart, an intimacy gradually ripened between them; so that at last they did not hesitate to speak in the freest and most familiar manner to each other, even in regard to their respective foibles.

Now, it came to pass that Brother Crump, during the liveliest period of the cotton season, drove into Wetumpka and disposed of his "crap" of ten bales, at the very fair

price of  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents per pound. It was more than he expected, and as the world was easy with him, he determined to invest, and did actually invest, a portion of the proceeds of the sale of his cotton, in a barrel of Western whiskey; paying therefor at the rate of, precisely two pounds of middling cotton for one gallon of "ditto" whiskey.

Of course it was "norated in the settlement" that old man Crump had bought a whole barrel, and after a few weeks people began to observe that his nose grew redder and his eye more moist. The idea that Brother Crump was "drinking too much" diffused itself in the neighbourhood, until, as one might say, it became epidemical. People talked and talked—more especially "what few" of other denominations of Christians dwell thereabouts.

Brother Noel was "sore troubled" at the scandal which circulated about his brother and friend, and especially regretted the injury it brought to the "'ciety at Sharon. So one morning he stepped over to Brother Crump's and found the old man in a half doze in his little porch.

"Won't you take a dram?" asked Brother Crump, as soon as he was aware of the presence of his neighbour.

"Why, yes, I'm not agin a dram when a body wants it."

Brother Crump got his bottle, and the friends took a dram apiece.

"Don't you think, Brother Noel," said Crump, "that sperits is a blessin'."

"Y-e-s!" responded Noel; "sperits is a blessin', but accordin' to my notion, its a blessin' that some of us abuses."

"Well now, Brother Noel, *who* do you think abuses the blessin'?"

"Well, it's hard to say—but people talk—don't you think *you* drink too much, Brother Crump?"

“It’s hard to say—it’s hard to say,” returned Crump. “Sometimes I’ve thought I *was* a drinkin’ too much—then again, I’d think *may be not*. What is man? A weak *wurrun* of the dust! What the Lord saith, that shall be done! So I left it to the Lord to say whether I was goin’ too fur in sperits. I put the whole *’sponsibility on him*; I prayed to him, if I was drinkin’ too much, to *take away my appetite for sperits*.”

Here Brother Noel groaned piously, and asked, “What then, Brother Crump?”

“And,” replied Crump, “I’ve prayed that prayer three times, and HE HAIN’T DONE IT! So I’m clear of the *’sponsibility any way*.”

“The Lord’s will be done!” ejaculated Noel, and after taking another dram he went home, thinking all the way, how cleverly Brother Crump had *shifted the responsibility!*

## HOW MIKE HOOTER CAME VERY NEAR “WOLLOPING” ARCH COONY.

A YAZOO SKETCH.

*(With an Illustration.)*

The following is from the same pen as “Mike Hooter’s Bar Story,” and, like it, was found “lying about loose.”

IN the Yazoo hills, near the town of Satartia, in the good state of Mississippi, there lived, at no distant date, one Mike Hooter, whose hunting and preaching adventures became famous in all the land. Besides being a great bear-hunter, and hard to beat at preaching, Mike professed to be “considerable” of a fighter, and in a regular knock-down-and-drag-out row, was hard to beat.

In order that the world may not remain in darkness as to his doings in this last behalf, and fearing lest there may be no one who entertains for him that particularly warm regard which animates us towards him, we have thought it incumbent on us in evidence of our attachment for the reverend hero, to jot down an incident that lingers in our memory respecting him—bequeathing it as a rich legacy to remotest time. Entertaining such partiality, we may be pardoned for following Mike in one of his most stirring adventures, related in his peculiar and expressive vernacular.

I’m one of the peaceblest fellers, said Mike, that ever trotted on hind legs, and rather than git into er fuss ’bout nothin’, I’d let er chap spit on me; but when it comes to rubbin’ it in, I always in gen’rally kinder r’ars up an’ won’t stan’ it.

But thar's some fellers up in Yazoo what would rather git into er scrimmage than eat. An' I've seen er few up thar what war so hungry for er fight that they fell away an' got so poor an' thin that they had to lean up agin er saplin' to cuss!

That chap Arch Coony, was er few in that line! He was the durndest, rantankerous hoss-fly that ever clum er tree! I tell you what, ef I hadn't er bin thar I wouldn't er b'leev'd it. I seed him one day in Satartia, git up from er jug of whiskey when he hadn't drunk morn'n half of it, and leave t'other half to spile, an' go an' pitch into er privit 'spute 'twene two Injuns, (when he didn't care er durn cent which wolloped t'other,) an' lamin both on um out'n ther mockasins!

Well, you see, Arch was mighty fond of them kinder tricks, an' ef he seed er feller he thought he could lamm without no danger, he wouldn't make no bones, but he'd jest go up to the chap and make faces at him, and harry his feelings er bit, an' ef the feller showed spunky-like, he'd let him alone, an' ax him to take er drink; but ef he sorter tried to sidle out of it, Arch would git as mad as all wrath, an' sw'ar, an' cuss, an' r'ar, an' charge like er ram at er gate-post, and the fust thing you know'd he'd shuck off his coat, an' when the feller warn't 'spectin' nuthin', Arch would fetch him er side-wipe on the head, and knock him into the middle o' next week!

You see I didn't like them sorter doins much, me, myself, I didn't, an' I all'ays ef ever I got er chance at Arch I'd let him down er button-hole er two. He was gettin' too high up in the pictures enny how, an' sez I, one day, in er crowd; sez I, "ef that feller Arch Coony don't mind which side of his bread's buttered, I'll git hold of him one of these days, an' I'll make him see sites!" Well, you see, thar was two or three sheep-stealin' chaps listenin'

to what I sed, an' they goes an' tells Arch the fust chance I got, I was gwine to larrup him. Well, that riled him like all fury, an' soon as he hearn it, he begin er cussin' like wrath, and sez he, "dod rot that ole Mike Hooter!—he pertend to be er preacher!—his preachin' ain't nuthin' but loud hollerin' no how!" So you see, them same chaps, they comes an' tells me what Arch had sed, an' I got mad, too, an' we had the durndest rumpus in the neighbourhood you ever hearn!

I didn't see nuthin' of Arch from that time till about er month. Every time I went down to Satartia to buy anything—er barrel of whiskey, or backer, or such like truck, for privit use—I looked for Arch, and Arch he looked for me, but, somehow or 'tother, he never crossed my path. At last, one day I sent him word I believed he was skeer'd of me, and the fust chance I got I'd take the starch out'n him as sure as shooting; and he sent word back to me that was a game two could play at, and when I wanted to try it, he'd see if he couldn't help me.

Well, things went on that way for er long time, and I didn't see nothin' of Arch; so I begin to forgit all about him. At last, one day, when me and two or three other chaps was gwine down to Big Black River, to go bar hunting on t'other side of it, I hearn the darndest clatter-wacking and noise in the road behind us, and when I turned round to see what in the name of thunder it was, thar was Arch an' er whole lot of fellers cummin' down the road, er galloping full tilt right up to us, an' er gwine bar huntin' too.

When I seed him, I was so mad I thought I should er burst right wide open! I was hot, I tell you, and sez I to myself, Now Mr. Arch, I've got you, and if you don't keep your eye skin'd, I'll lick you till your hide won't hold shucks.

Toreckly, Arch he cum up along side, and looked me right plum in the face as savage as er meet axe! and, sez he, “Good mornin’, ole Preach!—give us your paw!”

I see thar was hell in him as big as er meetin’ house, and I ’termined to give him as good as he sent; so I looked at him sorter servagerous like, and, sez I, “Look here, hoss, how can you have the face to talk to me, arter saying what you sed?”

“Why,” sez he, “Uncle Mike, didn’t you begin it?”

“No,” sez I, “an’ ef you sez I begun it, I’ll larrup you in er inch of your life!”

Sez he, “You eternal ole cuss, ef you want to larrup me, just larrup away as soon as you darn please, and we’ll see which ’ell git the wust of it!”

“Now,” sez I, “I likes you, Arch, ’cause I all’ays thought you was a fust-rate feller; but ain’t you been ’busin’ me every war fur evry thing you could think of?”

“Yes,” sez he, “but didn’t you say you’d git holt of me one of these days and make me see sites?”

“No,” sez I, “I didn’t; but this here’s what I sed,” sez I, “ef that feller Arch Coony *don’t mind which side of his bread’s buttered*, I’ll git holt of him one of these days and make him see sites!”

“Well,” sez he, “Uncle Mike, you knows I’m the most peaceablest feller living, and always minds which side of my bread’s buttered, and ef that is all you sed ’taint nothin’—so let’s take er drink!”

Then he tuck out er tickler of whisky, and arter he’d tuck three er four swallers out’n it, sez he, “Uncle Mike, obleege me by taking er horn!”

“No,” sez I, “I wont do no sich er dog on thing, for when I likes a chap I likes him, and when I don’t like him, I don’t like him; but if you wants to fight, I’m your man.”

You oughter seen Arch then! I think he was the most

maddest man that ever wobbled on two 'hind legs! He r'ard an' pitched, and cussed, an' swore, 'tell you'd er 'thought the day of judgmen' was at hand!

When I see him cuttin up that way, I commence' getting mad, too, an' my knées, they begin to shake, sorter like I had er chill; an'——Skeer'd——no, sir!——an' I sposed thar was gwine to be the devil to pay! I give you my word. I aint bin so wrathy afore but once since, an' that was t'other day when Mat Cain, the blacksmith, drunk up my last bottle of "ball-face," an' when I 'tacked him 'bout it, sed he thought it was milk.

But that ain't neither here nor thar. As I was a sayin', Arch, he cussed at me, an' I cussed at him, an' the fellers what was along with me sed I beat him all holler!

Torectly I begin to get tired of jawin' away so much, an' sez I, "Arch, what's the use of makin sich er allfired racket 'bout nothin'? Spose we make it up!"

"Good as wheat," sez he.

"Well," sez I, "give us your paw," sez I, "but," sez I, "thar's one thing you sed what sorter sticks in my craw yit, an' ef you don't pollogise, I'll wollop you for it right now!"

"What does yow mean?" sez he.

Sez I, "Didn't you sed one day that my preachin' warn't nuthin' but loud hollerin'?"

"Yes," sez he, "but didn't you send me word one time that you b'lieved I was skeered of you, an' the fust chance you got, you'd take the starch out'n me as sure as er gun?"

Sez I, "Yes, but what does that signify?"

"Well, sez he, "ef you'll take back what you sed, I'll take back what I sed."

Then I begin to get as mad as all wrath; an' sez I, "You eternal sheep-stealin', whisky-drinkin', nigger-lam-



min', bow-legged, taller-faced son of er——never mind what—does you want me to tell er lie by chawin up my own words? Ef that's what's you're arter, jest come on, an' I'll larrup you tell your mammy won't know you from a pile of sassage meat.”

So we kep er ridin' on an' er cussin one another worse than two Choctaw Injuns, an' toreckly we cum to the ferry-boat whar we had to cross the river. Soon as we got thar, Arch he hopped down off'n his ole hoss, an' commenced shuckin' his self fur er fight, an' I jumped down, too. I see the devil was in him as big as er bull, so I begin grittin' my teeth, an' lookin' at him as spunky as er Dominicker rooster; an' now, sez I, “Mister Arch Coony, I sed I'd make you see sites, an' the fust thing you know, I'll show em to you!” Then I pulled off my ole Sunday-go-to-meetin' coat, an' slammed it down on er stump, an', sez I, “Lay thar, ole Methodist, till I learn this coon some sense!”

I soon see thar was gwine to be the bustinest fight that ever was; so I rolled up my sleeves, an' Arch rolled up his'n, and we was gwine at it reg'lar.

“Now,” sez he, “ole pra'r meet'n, pitch in!”

Well, I jist begin sidelin' up, an' he begin sidelin' up, an' soon as I got close 'nuff to him, so as I could hit him a jo-darter, sez he, “Hole on er minit—this ground's too rooty—wait till I clear the sticks away from here, so as I can have a far chance to give it to you good!”

“Don't holler till you're out'n the woods,” says I, “p'raps when I'm done with you, you won't say my preachin' ain't nuthin but loud hollerin', I *spec*!”

When he'd done scrapin' off the groun', it looked jest like two bulls had bin thar, pawin' up the dirt—I give you my word it did.

Well, as I sed before, he sidled up and I sidled up, "an' now," sez I, "look out for your bread-basket, ole stud, fur ef I happen to give you er jolt thar, p'raps it'll turn your stomach."

So thar we stood, head and tale up, jest like two chicken cocks in layin' time; an', sez I to him, "Arch, I'm gwine to maul you tell you won't know yerself!"

Soon as we got close 'nuff, an' I see he was erbout to make er lunge at me, sez I, "Hole on, dod drot you! wait till I unbutton my gallowses, an' may-be-so, then I'll show you them sites what we was talkin' 'bout!"

Well, all the fellers was stanin' roun' ready to take sides in the fight, an' toreckly the chap what kep the ferry, he 'gin to get tired of keepin' the ferry-boat waitin', an sez he, "Cuss your pictures, I'm not gwine to keep this here boat waitin' no longer, an' people on t'other side waitin' to get over; so, ef you wants to fight, you come over on t'other side an' fight thar!"

"Good as ole wheat," sez I; "ennything to keep peace away—ef you say so, let's get in the boat and settle it over thar." Well, they all agreed to that without sayin' er word, an' Arch, he' got into the ferry-boat, and all the fellers they follered. When the boat was 'bout pushin' off, I jumped into the eend of it, an' was gwine to lead my hoss on too, but the all-fired critter was skeer'd to jump on to it, and sez I to the man what kept the ferry, sez I, "Why in the h-ll don't you wait till I gets this durned four-legged critter into the boat?" He didn't wait to say er word, but kep shovein' the boat out, and toreckly my hoss begin pullin' back with the bridle, an' I er holein on to it, an' the fust thing I know'd I went kerswash into the drink! So you see, in er bout er minit thar was I, on this side of the river, an' thar was Arch on t'other side, an' no chance for me to git at him. I tell you what, I



HOW MIKE HOOPER CAME VERY NEAR "WOLLOPING" ARCH COONY.—Page 1



was hot then!—an’ what was worser, Arch he holler’d out an’ sed he b’lieved I’d skeer’d the hoss an’ made him pull back on purpose to git out’n the scrape. When I hearn him say that, I was so mad I farly biled!

Hows’ever, I soon see ’twarn’t no use raisin’ er racket ’bout what couldn’t be helped, so I ’eluded I’d have my satisfaction out’n him enny way, an’ I begin shakin’ my fist at him, an’ er cussin’ him. Sez I, “You eternal, yaller-faced, pisen-mouthed, suck-egg son of er ——! what is it you ain’t mean ’nuff for me to call you?” I tell you what (an’ I hope to be forgive for swarin’) I cussed him blue!

Well, I was so outdone I didn’t wait for the boat to come back, for it was gittin’ most night, an’ too late for bar huntin’ that day—’sides, my wife she would be ’spectin’ me at the house, an’ might raise pertickler h—ll if I didn’t git thar in time; so I jumped on my ole hoss an’ put for home. But the way I cussed and ’bused Arch when I got on that hoss, was er sin!—an’ the further I got away from him the louder I hollered! I pledge you my word, you might er hearn me er mile!

To make a long story short, the last word I sed to him, sez I, “Arch, you’ve ’scaped me this time by er axident, but the next time you cross my path, I’ll larrup you worse nor the devil beatin’ tan-bark!—I will, by hokey!”

Whew! whistled Mike, drawing a long breath. I tell you what, I come the nearest wollopin’ that feller, not to do it, that ever you saw!

At this point Mike donned his coon-skin cap, and giving it a terrific *slam*, that brought it over his eyes, vanished!

## THE FIRST PIANO IN NORTHERN ILLINOIS.

A FEW evenings since, after reading to a lady the story about the introduction of a Piano Forte into the State of Arkansas—which is conceded on all hands to be a good 'un—my feminine friend related to me the incidents connected with the first appearance of the “inanimate quadruped” in the northern portion of the Sucker State—she being “an eye-witness” to what occurred on that occasion. For the amusement of my readers I will venture to describe them:—

During the summer following the termination of the Black-Hawk war—being among the first of the “Down East” emigrants to the country then barely evacuated by the “red men of the forest”—Dr. A., of Baltimore, removed to what has since become a small town near the Illinois river, by the name of P——. The Doctor's family was composed of three young ladies and his wife, all four of whom were performers on the piano, and one of them the possessor of the instrument in question.

As is usually the case in all newly-settled places when a “new comer” makes his first appearance, the “neighbours” (that were to be) had collected together for the purpose of seeing the Doctor's “plunder” unpacked, and making the acquaintance of its possessor.

Dr. A.'s "household" was stowed away in seven large wagons—being first packed in pine boxes, on which were painted in large black letters the contents, address, &c.

One wagon after another was unloaded without much sensation on the part of the little crowd of lookers on, except an occasional exclamation, similar to the following from those who had "never seen the like before":—

"Glass—This side up with care! Why, I thought this ere fellar was a Doctor! What on yearth is he going to do with that box full of winders!"

"This side up with care!" exclaimed one. "He's got his paragoric and ile-of-spike fixins in that. Won't he fizic them agur fellows down on the river?"

In the last wagon there was but *one* large box, and on it were painted the words—"Piano Forte—Keep dry and handle carefully." It required the assistance of all the bystanders to unload this box, and the curiosity excited in the crowd upon reading the foregoing words, and hearing the musical sounds emitted as it struck the ground, can only be gathered by giving a few of the expressions that dropped from the spectators.

"Pine Fort!" said a tall, yellow-haired, fever-and-ague-looking youth—"Wonder if he's afeerd of the Inguns? He can't scare them with a pine fort!!"

"K-e-e-p D-r-y," was spelled by a large raw-boned looking man, who was evidently a liberal patron of "old bald face," who broke off at the letter y with, "D—your temperance caracturs; your needn't come round here with tracts!"

He was interrupted at this point by a stout-built personage, who cried out—

"He's got his skeltons in thar, and he's afeerd to giv them liker, for they'll break out if he does! Poor fellars! they must suffer powerfully!"

“Handle carefully!” said a man, with a red hunting-shirt, and the size of whose “fist,” as he doubled it up, was twice that of an ordinary man. “There’s some live crittur in thar. Don’t you hear him groan?” This was said as the box struck the ground, and the concussion caused a vibration of the strings.

No sooner had all hands let go of the box, than Dr. A. was besieged by his neighbours—all of whom were determined to know what were its contents, and what was the meaning of the words, “Piano Forte.” On his telling them that it was a musical instrument, some “reckoned that it would take a tarnal sight of wind to blow it!” others, “that it would take a lot of men to make it go!” &c., &c. The Doctor explained its operations as well as he could, but still his description was anything but satisfactory; and he could only get rid of his inquisitive neighbours by promising “a sight” at an early day.

Three days—days that seemed like weeks to the persons before mentioned—elapsed before the premises of Dr. A. were arranged for the reception of visitors; and various and curious were the surmises among the “settlers” during this time. Dr. A. and his “plunder” were the only topics of conversation for miles around. The Doctor’s house had but one lower room, but this was one of double the ordinary size, and the carpets were all too small to cover the entire floor; hence a strip of bare floor appeared at each side of the room. Opposite to and facing the door was placed the “Pine Fort.” All was ready for the admission of “vizters,” and Miss E. was to act as the first performer. The Doctor had but to open the door, and half a score of men were ready to enter. Miss E. took her seat, and at the first sounding of the



instrument, the whole party present rushed in. Some went directly up to the "crittur," as it had been called on account of its having four legs—some, more shy, remained close to the door, where, if necessary, they could more easily make their escape, while others, who had never seen a carpet, were observed walking round on the strip of bare floor, lest by treading on the "handsome kaliker," they might "spile" it!

The first tune seemed to put the whole company in ecstasies. The raw-boned man, who was so much opposed to temperance tracts, pulled out a flask of whiskey, and insisted that the "gal," as he called Miss E., should drink. Another of the company laid down a dime, and wanted "that's worth" more out of the "*forty pains*," as the name of the instrument had come to him after travelling through some five or six pronunciations. Another, with a broad grin on his face, declared that he would give his "claim" and all the "truck" on it, if his "darter" could have such a "cupboard!" The "pine fort" man suggested that if that sort of music had been in the Black Hawk war, "they would have skeered the Inguns like all holler!"

It is needless to say, that it was late at night before Miss E. and the other ladies of the house could satisfy their delighted hearers that they were all "tired out." The whole country for twenty miles round rung with the praises of Dr. A.'s "consarns" and their "musical cupboard." The Doctor immediately had any quantity of patients—all of whom, however, would come in person for "advice," or for a few "agur pills," but none of whom would leave without hearing the "forty pains."

With an easy way and a good-natured disposition, Dr. A.

soon formed an extensive acquaintance, obtained a good practice, and became a popular man. He was elevated to some of the most responsible offices in the gift of the people—one of which he held at the time of his death. So much for the *charms* of a Piano Forte!

## PRINTING A HORSE.

### A SAVANNAH SKETCH.

We take the following capital "Georgia Scene" from the *Savannah "Friend of the Family."*

ON the evening of a damp, drizzling day, while we were busied in putting the "Friend" to press, our attention was attracted by the lumbering foot falls of two pair of substantial brogans on the stairway leading to our printing office, and presently by the crowns of two Rough and Ready hats, which rose above a pair of heads which were followed by shoulders and so on, until two athletic specimens of the "rural population" of Georgia stood revealed before us. Advancing a few steps from the stairway, the two came to a halt and gazed round the apartment, occasionally casting furtive glances about them, as if apprehensive of being caught up and done for by the printing presses that were in operation in their immediate vicinity. One of the party had his attention particularly attracted by the self-inking machine, the operation of which he seemed peculiarly anxious to understand, while the other was making spasmodic efforts to smoke a horrid bad cigar.

Presently the man with the cigar broke silence.

"Do you print horses here?" said he, holding his cigar between his finger and thumb in an attitude rather too striking to be graceful.

Apprehending that we did not rightly understand the question, we asked—

"Handbills?"

"What's them, Bill?" inquired the speaker of his friend.

“Dad fetch it if I know,” said Bill; “’thout ther notes o’ hand.”

The two conversed together in a low voice for a moment, during which time the first speaker made several ineffectual efforts to get a whiff from his cigar. Presently, turning round and elevating his voice, he said:

“Look a here, stranger, can you print a horse, or can you not?”

He paused for a reply, while we endeavoured to frame an answer.

“Because,” resumed the speaker, “I want a first rate picter of my horse Red Eagle, an dif you’re the man what can do it, say the word!”

“We can do almost any kind of printing here, sir. Have you the manuscript with you?”

“The *what* uscript?” exclaimed the owner of the Red Eagle.

“Have you the copy of what you want printed?” said we.

“Cus the copy,” said he, “I don’t want no copy. I want my horse printed jest dry so. Can you do it?”

“Oh,” said we, “you only want a picture of your horse?”

“That’s the idee, stranger, exactly.”

As we now comprehended his wants, and were disposed to humour the joke, we instructed one of the boys to take an impression of a large cut of a horse. The countenances of our customers brightened up at once, while they watched the operation with intense interest.

On the impression of the cut being placed before them, they both exclaimed,

“Hey, the deuce, that ain’t like old Eagle. That won’t never do.”

“What’s the matter with it?” said we. “Is it not a good likeness?”

“No, sir, not by a ding’d sight,” said the man with the bad cigar. “My horse is a bright sorrel horse, with a star in his face and one white foot. This ere horse’s tail is jest like mine, only it’s black.”

Red ink would remedy the defect in the colour. But the white foot and the star in the face were difficulties not so easily to be got over. At that moment one of our printers, who had been quietly enjoying the joke, came to our aid. By the use of coloured ink, and by laying a piece of paper, cut to resemble the star in the face, on the cut, and another piece on the fetlock, we soon produced Red Eagle as natural as life, star, white foot, switch tail and all.

The party were in ecstasies.

“Ain’t that him, Bill!—ain’t that old Eagle jest as natural as pig-tracks!”

“Well, drat my skin!” said the other, regarding the picture with amazement depicted in every feature—“did you ever see the like? Why,” said he, holding it off at arms’ length and shutting one eye, “I’d know that was your colt, Bill, if I was to see it any whar in creation.”

“Certain you would; I’ll bet the old mare herself would know it when she seed it. Talk about your doggerytypes! Why, that chap over thar couldn’t make sich a picture as that to save his gizzard. How much is to pay, stranger?”

“Nothing,” replied we. “We don’t charge for printing horses.”

“Nothing!” exclaimed both in the same voice. “Doggerytypes over thar wanted to charge three dollars, and then couldn’t do it. Deuce take yer doggerytypes, for me.”

After pressing us to be compensated, which we resolutely declined, the delighted couple left the office, declaring that they wouldn’t give one printer for all the doggerytype men in the world.

## THE WAY OLD BILL WENT OFF.

FATHER WILLIAM, or as he was familiarly known, "Old Bill," was an early settler "out West." He left the old North State when young, and settled in a choice spot, near one of our little streams. He grew and prospered, and not many years after he was married, and from that time than him a more influential personage could not be found. He was Justice of the Peace, held two or three posts of honour, and could knock daylight out of a turkey's eye two hundred yards, with his favourite gun. I remember several of his exploits in shooting; and one of them would not be out of place here. I heard it from "Old Bill" himself. He had a fine young horse once, he said, stolen from his stable, and he set out to overtake the thief, taking his favourite piece along for company. His horse was shod different from any other, and he tracked him to a thicket, through that, and for two days, when he lost sight of his track. "Here," said Old Bill, "I began to give out; but I knew the boys would laugh at me, and I'd never hear the end of it if I didn't bring him back. Presently I heard some one whistling away ahead of me, and rode fast to catch up. Turning round a bunch of vines, who should I see but the man on my horse; and just at that time he looked back and saw me. Then we had it. He spurred and I kicked, and both our horses seemed to fly. We run almost 'mile a minit' for three hours, and neither gained an inch. He was running for life, and I for my horse. But I couldn't pull up to him

no way, for he was on the best horse. I had my gun, but was afraid to shoot. I found I couldn't do any other way, for he was now a hundred yards ahead, and gaining. I raised my gun, let it fall to a gentle level, and took aim at the saddle girth. *It cut it easy one hundred and thirty yards!* and the rider fell to the ground in the saddle. I got my horse, and left the rascal whipping the saddle alone. I never heard of him after that. Whether he got to his journey's end, I never heard, but *I made a good shot, and took my horse back to his paster!"*

"Old Bill," in his early days, went through many troubles, and often thought his day of grace was nearly ended. He would give up to the "*hyppo*," and when in one of his ways, he'd keep his bed for weeks at a time, trying to "settle up" accounts, but he couldn't make it out. During this time he wouldn't say a word, but "*I'm not long for this world.*" Fifteen years after his horse-race—he was getting along in years then—he went off. A deep snow covered the ground, and he could not venture beyond his door. He curled himself up in bed, and for two days his eyes were closed and he spoke not a word. His couch was watched in silence—his pulse quick—his breathing compressed; but the fourth evening he came to. His boys, who had watched by his side, were now relieved, a good dinner was prepared, "Old Bill" eat heartily, and after a social drink all round, the boys were for a hunt.

"You musn't go, boys—I begin to feel like going off," said Old Bill, with a sigh.

"Come, daddy, you're well—never was better in your life!" said one of the boys.

"Better not go—you shan't—you'll find me *dead* when you get back," continued the old man, returning to bed.

"But we must, daddy. We'll make a big fire for you,

and we'll have a fine roast when we return," said the boys, and off they started.

Old Bill got mad as "tucker" because the boys left him, and jumped right out of bed, put on his thick coat, went out to the wood-pile, cut a small cart-load of wood, carried it in the house, and raised a roasting fire. He then warmed his feet cleverly, undressed, jumped back in bed, and sent over for 'Squire T. to *write his will*.

The 'Squire took paper and started, but recollecting a fresh demijohn of the best French brandy, he turned back and filled a quart bottle for his use while writing the will. He found Old Bill in bed, anxiously awaiting him.

"Well, 'Squire, I'm not long for this world; I'm sinking very fast. I want you to write my will," said the old gentleman.

"Sorry to find you so low, Uncle Billy," said the 'Squire.

"I've been sinking a long time, but I kept it to myself. I don't think I shall live till morning."

The 'Squire put on his "specks," unrolled his paper, and proceeded to his duty, as Old Bill thought. He wrote along, stopping now and then to ask a few questions. He took down the small articles first, and stopped to take a *horn*, and set the bottle on the table.

"What's that, 'Squire?" asked old Bill, sorter bracin' himself up.

"Nothin' but *ink*, Uncle Billy," said the 'Squire.

A long list of articles was put on paper, and the 'Squire turned up the bottle again. He smacked his lips, and proceeded with due solemnity to finish his task. This done, he wiped his eyes and commenced reading.

"Draw up your chair a little closter, 'Squire."

The 'Squire did as requested, and read aloud.

"It's all right, 'Squire; but you've not got all the things down yet."



The 'Squire stepped to the door, and Old Bill reached over to the table to get the paper, but his fancied weakness prevented him.

"I'm nearly gone! Oh, them naughty boys! I knew I'd *die* before they got back; they'll see it now!"

"Well, Uncle Billy," said the 'Squire, "wont you take a glass with me before you go?"

"Take a *what*?—what's *that*?—take a gl——" said Old Bill, sharply.

The 'Squire knew where to touch him. He had seen him that way before. He took a notion to go off every year, or every time the boys didn't go the way he wanted them. Old Bill sat up in the bed while the 'Squire handed him a glass of *brandy*. The old fellow drank it off like he was used to it.

"I'm getting better *now*, 'Squire. You needn't take down them other articles yet!"

"Suppose you get up, Uncle Bill, and let us talk over things, *before you go*!"

Old Bill's "dander riz" at that, and he with it—almost mad enough to *whip* the 'Squire. Both of them took seats by the fire; the table between them, and liquor and sweetenin' plenty. Glass after glass was laid in the shade, until both got up to the third story. The boys, meanwhile, had returned, and posted an old fiddler at the chimney corner, and then stole into the room.

"I tell you 'Squire, I've got the *best* gun in ——," he stopped short like he heard something. "What's that?" hollered Old Bill as the sounds came faster. "Darned if it ain't old Josy with his fiddle. Won't you take a *reel*, Squire?" The 'Squire took him at his word. The boys joined them, and about two hours before day, the two old "hosses" were so mellow that they had to be carried to bed. And that's the "*way Old Bill went off*!"

## A SLEEP-WALKING INCIDENT.

BY AN OLD TENNESSEE CORRESPONDENT.

MANY, very many years have taken their turn in making me older, if not more wise, since the sunny days of youth, when there was not a sallow leaf on life's tree—when all was light and glow, and I felt but the present, the past unheeded, and the future unknown. Oh, joyous fifteen, that green isle now dimly seen over life's waste of waters, how we look and long to tread thy shores again! But our bark of life is speeding away. Small—smaller still. The dim eye of age can see thee no more—*thou* art “the past.”

Soon after this hour in life's morning, I was sent into the upper counties of this State, on a trip of business, and which I contrived to make a trip of pleasure, save the “scrape” about to be narrated.

Night had overtaken me some miles short of my intended stopping-place, so I hailed the first house that I came to—a large square cabin sort of a house, with but one apartment, which served as “parlour, hall, kitchen and all,”—to know if I could obtain shelter for myself and horse? A stout, iron-looking little old man answered the summons, and after resting his arms and chin on the gate for some seconds, he said, rather deliberately, that he “didn't adzactly know, seeing as how his house was small, and he had company; but seeing as how I was a be-nighted boy, he reckoned I mought jist lite.” I did so, and found the house “full of gals.” First, there was the

“old oman,” of course, all tidiness and check apron, then three blooming daughters, all shyness and blushing, a married daughter and her yearling child, (these were the “company” alluded to,) and *then* there was that everlasting, long-legged, ubiquitous, eighteen-year-old boy, who is to be seen at all houses in the country, with that everlasting tight roundabout, strained across his shoulder blade, which seems to belong inherently to all chaps of his class, and he patronized mixed socks and low-quartered shoes. That specimen of the class “green boy” deserves more than a passing notice at my hands, if I had the talent and room, but I must content myself by merely saying that his name was Tewart, and that I will never forget him, or the service he rendered me in my “hour of great peril,” although for a time he annoyed me not a few; and I may hazard the assertion, that if he remembers all that was gleaned from me that night, and all that occurred next morning, he is a perfect locomotive encyclopædia of useful knowledge.

Supper passed off, during which, and the interval preceding bedtime, I was subjected to a categorical examination on matters in general, and my business in particular, the old lady acting as principal inquisitor, prompted in whispers by the girls. They listened and giggled, the married daughter nursed and tried to look matronly, the dog lay at the corner of the hearth, and dreamed perhaps of his last rabbit chase; the cat washed her face, as all well-ordered cats will do, after a hearty saucer of milk, and I, poor I, wished it well over. I counted the minutes as indicated by a twenty-four-hour Yankee clock, which, nailed against the log wall, ticked off the time most methodically; and surveyed the prospect for bed *room*, with deep interest. I counted the beds (three, all in a row, across the back of the house,) over and again; then I

counted noses, and found an awful disproportion between them and the beds. I resolved divers arithmetical problems of position in my mind, to ascertain if possible how to class said noses, so as to violate no known and acknowledged law of usage and propriety, in sleeping matters made and provided. But all in vain. I was beginning to entertain serious thoughts in relation to the stable-loft, when the old lady opened the first act by peremptorily ordering Tewart off to one bed, then with the help of the girls she metamorphosed another into a gigantic "shake-down" before the fire; she managed to increase its dimensions prodigiously, until it attained at least the size of an ordinary onion-bed. This encampment, as I said, was spread before the fire, and was for the benefit of the girls, married and single, rank and file. Now my mind was at rest; they (the girls), baby and all, were safely disposed of, and the horrid suspicion had passed away that I might have to sleep "spoon fashion" with perhaps three, and that fat baby at the foot. I now saw as clearly through the old lady's sagacious arrangements as if they had been the result of the aforesaid abortive mathematical calculations. Tewart and myself were to have one bed, and the old folks the other; to my unsophisticated boyhood, this arrangement was the best that possibly could be made under the circumstances. The old lady, considerate old soul, hung a quilt over two chairs, as a kind of battery for me to undress behind, and cautioning the two girls in an undertone not to *look*, she told me I might go to bed as soon as I liked. I, nothing loth, obeyed the intimation, and in spite of the stray eye-shots fired at me from the region of the fire-place, got safely to bed, and was soon in the land of dreams.

The first thing I remember, I felt some one inflicting furious digs in my side; it struck my dreaming imagina-

tion that it was the aforesaid Tewalt, who wanted some incomprehensible point in the evening's conversation elucidated, so I moved not. Soon I saw him standing over me, his legs at least sixty feet long, and kicking me in the ribs at a smashing rate, with a foot about the size of a steamboat's yawl. Then he changed and had on petticoats of the proportions of a circus tent, with a huge gigt-top on for a night-cap, and nursing the Yankee clock for a baby, and every blow it struck resembled a blast from a pair of infantile lungs highly inflated! Anon, he became a gigantic pair of fire-tongs, with red-hot feet, and he pinched me on the arm until it *scizzed* again! This awoke me, sure enough, and I found the pinching still going on at about the rate of 120 to the minute.

“Hello, old fellow!” says I, “that’ll do. What in the name of the Lunatic Asylum *do* you want?”

“It aint no *old* feller, an you may thank gracious goodness that it aint; but you jist git rite up an mosey, afore I calls the old feller!”

This was spoken close to one ear in a good round whisper, while a suppressed sort of giggling appeared to originate about a foot from the other. I lay perfectly still, and tried to arouse my faculties as to the cause of all this rumpus. I then ventured to raise my head a fraction and saw that the fire was not in the same place that it occupied when I went to bed. Had Tewalt turned my bed round by the furious kicks abovenamed? No, that must have been a dream, and I was awake *now*—as wide as ever you saw a cat, with all the dogs in the neighbourhood at the foot of the apple-tree, and she on the first limb. I listened, and the blessed old clock had moved towards another point of the compass, and was boxing away as if nothing had occurred to disturb its equanimity; the old man's snoring, too, had partaken of this gen-

eral first-day-of-May excitement, and, like the clock and the fire, had changed its quarters. Strange, that, but may be I had only heard the echo on the wall. But the old man being sedate, it was not presumable that he would patronize other than a becoming and sedate snore, and would tolerate no other, however sonorous, nor be guilty of playing such fantastic tricks before—a stranger! And the heavy breathing of Tewart, too, had retired to a respectful distance in the rear, but it *was* his breathing, and no mistake; I was familiar with the sound. Well, what was the matter? Was I tight? No, I had drank nothing. Was I crazy? No, for I was fully aware of everything, save that my ideas of relative position had become confoundedly mystified.

“I say, cuss your *sassey* little picter, are you gwine to leave afore I calls dad, for he’ll jist give you goss in a minit, little hoss, and we gals couldn’t save your cussed ternal scalp if we wanted tu! Say, ar ye gwine, *durn* yer imperdence!”

Oh, my stars! the awful truth flashed on my mind in an instant. I had got in bed with the girls, and would soon be a lost boy, barrin’ better luck than John Tyler ever had. But my presence of mind came to my aid, so I replied to this whispered tirade by giving a heavy groaning sort of snore, and turning over from my tormentor, I reconnoitred my location by throwing out first an arm and then a leg. The arm lit across the heaving warm breast of *somebody* with considerable muscular energy, for quick as light it was seized, and no rocket ever flew with more of a “vim,” than it did from its soft resting place, and lit smack across the face of my pinching friend, the married daughter, who was unmasked by this move of her sister, for in its descent it chanced also to hit the “yearling” a wipe in the neighbourhood of the nose, and such a yell

as followed, or rather such a series of yells, I never before heard. My leg, I suppose, had lit upon forbidden ground also, for it followed the arm with no bad consequences, only a wicked sort of a dig in my side, which I thought might be inflicted with the naked elbow; this was intended as a kind of interest on the operation, given in "have-the-last-lick" spirit of mind.

Well, after calculating the probable location of my own bed, I made one bound, which cleared me of the enemy's camp, and I lit alongside of Tewart.

"Well, durn your carcass," says he, you wanted to sleep *warm*, did you, so you jist goes atween the gals! They warmed ye, didn't they? drat your picter! Ha! ha! ha! Well, now, if that aint hot, I'm d-a-r-n-e-d!"

A running-fire of conversation was kept up between the shake-down and the old folks' bed for some time, but as it was not of a *very* complimentary nature, so far as I was concerned, I will not inflict on the reader what both pained and scared me. After rolling about for some time in a rather perturbed state of mind, I fell asleep, and was awoke by the old lady to come to breakfast. Tewart was gone, I knew not where, the shake-down had vanished, and things looked tidy and clean.

When we set up to breakfast I felt like a criminal, and I know that I looked like one; the girls blushed, the married one was serious, the old lady seemed pious, and the old man looked devilish; so you may guess how I relished my breakfast. Not a word did I say that I could help, and the old lady's disposition of the previous evening to ask questions seemed to have vanished, so I was not interrupted in my taciturnity.

The meal over, I asked the old man the amount of my bill. "I don't charge ye a cent!" This was said in a tone and manner that I neither liked nor understood; so

as my horse was at the gate, with Tewalt holding the bridle, I turned round to bid the girls "good-morning," and there they were, holding up the log that served for a mantle-board with their foreheads, and seemed to be in tears. This mystified me more than ever; the old man had taken down an old black snakish-looking rifle, and was changing the priming. I inquired if he was going to hunt? "Y-a-s," he drawled out; "I'm agwine to kill a mink what's been among my pullets!" Well, I didn't like *that*, either; so, without more ceremony, I started to the horse, and as I left the door, I heard one of the girls (a sweet, blue-eyed damsel she was, too,) and the one who had converted my arm into a projectile with such dire effect the night before, say, "Oh, daddy, now don't; we all know he *was* asleep, poor little fellow! Don't, daddy, don't!"

The old scoundrel growled a reply which I did not hear, and followed me.

When I reached my horse, I mounted, and Tewalt, who stood beyond the horse, drew from the leg of his breeches, a long, keen hickory, and stealthily gave it to me, saying:

"Don't hold it so, dad 'll see it, and when ye *get the word*, jist gin that horse of yourn hot darnation about his tail, or may be you won't ride long if ye don't."

He was cut short in his charitable speech by the approach of the old *he* shark, *gun* in hand.

"Now, sir," says he, "ye come here benighted, didn't ye?"

"Yes, sir," said I, submissively.

"I took ye in like a gentleman, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir, you did, and I am——"

"Stop! that ain't the pint. I fed you an your horse on the best I had, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir," replied I, "and I am willing——"



“Stop! *that ain't* the pint. I give you a *good* bed to sleep on, didn't I?”

“Yes, sir,” said, “you did all——”

“Stop! *that ain't the pint*. Ye got your breakfast, didn't ye?”

I nodded assent.

“My boy and gals treated you like a *gentleman*, didn't they?”

I nodded again.

“Well, I've refused yer money, hain't I?”

“Yes, sir, and I wish you would——”

“Stop! *that ain't the pint; but this is the pint!*” and the fire simmered in his eyes like molten iron in glass globes; all his forced calmness had left him, and he was an old Tiger *all over*. “You've eat my bread—yer hoss eat my corn—ye smoked my pipe—ye had my bed, an all fur nuthin—an then ye wanted to circumvent, not one, but all my gals, married and single, at one bite, darn yer little snakish gizzard; and now we'll settle, *or I can't draw a bead!* I never vierlates the law of horspitality at this house, nur on my grit, so you see that crossfence, down *thar?*” (it was about one hundred and fifty yards off.)

I barely nodded my head, and in looking, my eye caught the form of Tewalt and the girl with the blue eyes, behind the stable, busily enacting a piece of pantomime, evidently for my benefit. Tewalt gave an imaginary horse an awful imaginary thrashing, leaning forward, and occasionally stealing a look over his shoulder, as if he expected to see the devil. She took very deliberate aim at him with a corn stalk, and then poked him between the shoulder-blades with it, in no very slight manner.

“Well,” continued the *old he*, “when I give you the word, you may start, an if ye start too soon, I'll spile yer

hide with my own grit, an I don't want to do *that!* I say, when I give the word you may go, an perhaps you'd use them long boot heels of yourn *some*, fur when you start *so do I*, an when *I* gets to that fence—mind, it's *my line*, then we are off my grit; *I'm jist agwine to shute you, jist like a cussed mink* fur getting among my hens! I'll only spile ye with two holes, one behind, an t'other before, jist sixty-three to the pound, adzactly, and yer kin can't say I hurt ye on my land!"

He began to hitch up his breeches with his disengaged hand, and laid off his hat, so I ventured to ask—more dead than alive—what the "word" would be?

"It'll be 'the old quarter tackey word.' I'll ax ye if yer ready, an when ye ar, jist say 'go!' If ye ain't, say 'no,' but mind yer dont *balk often*, or I mite git to ravin an fittin, and go off afore you want me to, an then ye'll be *dead-beat sartin!*"

During this preliminary I was gently plying my horse on the off side with my heel and hickory, to stir him up a little. I had ridden a few quarter races in my time, and was pretty well up to the dodge. The old villain asked, between his set teeth, "ar ye ready?" I shouted "go!" and away we went. My hickory now fell ten times faster on the real horse than Tewalt's did on the imaginary one, and as soon as the old cuss heard it he bawled out to his boy, "Oh, dat rat yer heart, I say; I'll bore a hole in *you*, when I get to ye!"

I ventured to turn my head and take a look at him; he had foamed at the mouth until it adorned each corner like a pair of whiskers, made of whipped eggs, and he was running *some*, I tell *you!* My horse, perfectly astounded at such unusual treatment, fairly flew; the panels of fence looked like a continuous stripe along the road, and the wind whistled a merry jig in my listening ears. *Spang!*

whiz—phit! the ball had sped, and it had *missed!* I saw it tear the bark from a hickory, a few yards ahead. Oh, how fresh and warm the blood rushed back around my heart! I felt safe, mischievous, and glad, and began to rein up my horse. When I succeeded in doing so, I wheeled him in the road to reconnoitre. There stood the old Tiger, leaning on the muzzle of his gun, as if in a brown study; so I resolved to give him a parting “blizzard.” I shouted, “Hello, old cock; you have good victuals and a fine family, your galls in particular; but I would not give a button for your gun or your temper! You can’t shoot for sour owl bait! Tell the girls ‘good-bye,’ and the same to you, you old scatter-gun!”

He began to re-load furiously, so I whistled to my horse, and left those parts—for ever, I hope. I have often wondered since, what he *did* do to poor Tewart, for smuggling the hickory which enabled me to tell this story.

## THE LAST BLOODY DUEL FOUGHT IN OHIO.

OUR ears, since war began, have become so accustomed to the recitals of deeds of blood, that I fancy the senses of my readers will not be shocked by my account of the last duel fought in Ohio—which came off in 1834. Excepting some half dozen instances, where the citizens of Ohio, living on the border of the State, have gone over the river into Kentucky, and taken a crack or two at each other, the case I am about to speak of, was positively the last, where Buckeyes have gone out to redress their grievances by single combat.

It is true, as the Vermonter said, “if you give a Buckeye *the lie*, or the likes o’ that, he will, in a manner, knock you right deown, and fall to hurtin’ on you; and not dew as they dew in Varmont, where, if a man calls you *a liar* you *set right deown* and argy it out of him.” Yet Buckeyes do not now-a-days shoot one another, although they will fight the enemies of their country, until their hides cannot hold shucks for the bullet holes. But about the duel.

In the early part of the year named, a party of some twenty “good fellows” assembled, by the invitation of Mr. W. (a great favourite of their’s,) at the *Pearl Street House, Cincinnati*. W. was about to “pull up stakes” and *locate* in a neighbouring city; and the expected separation from his old cronies, induced him to invite them, on the night of his departure, to join him in a *few* bottles of wine. Such things were more common in those days

than since the advent of Madam Temperance into this, then wicked world.

The invitations went out, and, strange to say, not a single "regret" was sent in; but all came. Toasts were drunk—songs were sung—speeches got off, and the "Old Pearl" fairly rung again with the *revellings in its halls*. In spite of all, the night *would* roll on. Three o'clock came, and the thundering of heavy wheels over the pavement told of the approach of the stage that was to take away "the favourite."

The stage-agent opened the door of the dining-hall, and called for "the passenger." Here *was* a scene! All had evidently been joyful overmuch, and a proportionate relaxation had succeeded. Some, incapable of rising or speaking, leaned back in their arm-chairs, and their eyes lolled out upon their wine-gorged cheeks, looking like so many boiled onions stuck upon sun-flowers; while others, who carried lesser sized "turkies," were toddling about the room in groups of two and upwards, muttering delightful sentiments, and swearing that their friendship to each other should last as long as it should please God to let them live.

"Where is Mr. W——?" called out the agent.

"N-n-not here, Mr. C-c-campbell," answered some one;—"he's d-dead!—b-b-been dead t-two hours!"

"Dead! Great God! what do you mean?"

"Ay, dead!—stepped out!—d-d-dead as Tecumseh!"

Mr. C., now beginning to comprehend that *life* was *not quite extinct*, added—

"W—— is to go in the stage—and it is now waiting for him at the door."

"Stage? All the world's a stage! Ha, ha!—good. Yip! Yip! Ypsylanti! C-c-campbell, my dear fellow, tell the g-g-gentleman that steers your old w-w-wagon, to haul

in that plank—cr-cr-crack on the steam—and let her r-r-rip, for W—— *can't go!*”

“But he must go. Where is he?”

“Well, if he *m-m-must* go, and you *will* see him, *there* he is! (pointing under the table), down there among the cast off cr-crockery. D-d-d—n it, see how he hugs the best brands. S-s-sensible to the last!”

Mr. C. looked under the table, and there lay W. snoring, and holding in his embrace a pair of champagne bottles as closely as a young mother would clasp her twinned babes. So pulling him out by the heels, C. righted him up, and partly dragging, partly lifting him, rolled “the favourite” into the coach. Crack went the whip—the horses plunged forward, and whirled W—— away from his companions, without even a parting tear. In the mean time they had all lain down in the supper-room to rest, singing—

“We wont go home till morning—till broad daylight appears.”

W., with some difficulty, at last got *fixed* in the coach, and fell into a doze. Had he been wakeful, he would probably have discovered that the landlord had, in a joke, placed in the side pockets of his overcoat a bottle of good old Bourbon whiskey, and one of “Cognac.”

W.'s seat was on the middle bench of the coach, and directly in front, sat a six-and-a-half foot Tennessean. W. got into a habit of pitching forward, and would sometimes bring up plump against the abdomen of his vis-a-vis. Several times the Tennessean passed it over, and actually assisted W. in righting himself up into his seat. Presently a sudden jolt of the vehicle threw “the favourite” upon the breast of the Tennessean, with a tremendous concussion. The six-and-a-half footer became wrathful, and exclaimed—

“Stranger, if you tumble on me again, in that way, I’ll send you over to t’other end of this mill-hopper, pretty d—n quick!”

“N-n-not on to the f-f-femenines on the back seat, I t-t-trust, old Stub-and-twist.”

Old “Stub-and-twist,” as W. called him, made no reply; but after a while down came W. again upon him, when he pushed him roughly back, and said—

“By G—d, sir, I tell you—meaning no disrespect to the ladies—that if you don’t keep your seat, I’ll split you *plum* in two!”

“Sp-sp-split me in two, eh? Let me inform you that I am a g-g-gentleman and never carry the *d-d-deadlies*. But if I f-f-find you are a g-g-gentleman, I’ll attend to your case in the morning, about the b-b-break o’ day!”

“Very well, sir; I’ll be *thar*!”

Here “the favourite,” by request, changed his seat to one that proved more stationary, and soon fell asleep.

Morning came, and the sudden stopping of the coach at a watering-place aroused W. from his sleep. He awoke spitting little wads of cotton, his mouth being as dry and dusty as Broadway in fly-time, and, jumping out, “broke” for the well. Before he reached it, he looked back and saw one leg of the Tennessean coming out of the coach. Suddenly the recollection of the challenge he had given flashed upon his mind, and the leg then appeared to him to be about fourteen feet long.

“Now I *am* in a fix,” said he to himself.

“Well, stranger,” said the Tennessean, advancing, “how do you feel by *this* time?”

“Tolerably well,” replied W.; “but I should like some apology for your insult to me last night.”

“No apology from me, sir; not a word. You proposed to fight me this morning, and I am *here*!”

“Very well, sir, but I have no weapons.”

“Here—take this,” said the Tennesseean—showing him a bowie knife—“*these* are enough for me”—holding out his clenched fist. “You go to that fence—I will remain here, and when you say ‘ready,’ we will advance at pleasure, and each take his chance for the result.”

“Agreed,” said W. And he went to his post. While taking off his overcoat he discovered the bottles in his pockets, and suspecting what might be in them, called out to his antagonist *to renew negotiations* in these words:

“I find, sir, I have a pair of loaded pistols in my pockets, and now propose that you take your choice: this will place us more on an equal footing,” advancing at the same time with the muzzles *forward*.

The Tennesseean nodded assent, and advanced also, evidently admiring the Buckey’s sense of chivalry. It was yet so early in the gray of the morning, that they drew very near each other before the Tennesseean discovered the shape of the pistols. When he did so a playful smile lit up his countenance; but he spoke not a word until he had deliberately drawn their corks and applied each bottle to his *smeller*; when he quietly remarked:

“If this is the sort of a man you are, I think I’ll take a little of the ‘Old Bourbon.’”

The two then exchanged a “shot in the neck,” and were that day the *life* of the coach. And thus terminated the last meeting on the “field of honour” that ever came off in the “Bonnie Buckeye State.”



## ANECDOTES OF WESTERN TRAVEL.

AFTER a long and fatiguing day's ride over the prairies of Wisconsin in the summer of 184—, Judge D\*\*\*, upon his semi-annual circuit through the Territory, arrived at a farm house upon the borders of a large prairie, where he proposed passing the night. The proprietor of the establishment was absent, and his worthy spouse was left to do the honours of the house to such travellers as were occasionally forced to put up with the scanty accommodations she could offer.

Settlers were far apart in those days, and she was certain to get a call from all whom night happened to overtake in her vicinity. Mammy R\*\*\*\* was a native of the "Sücker State," and inherited many of the peculiarities of the primitive settlers. She scorned the luxuries and superfluities of the pampered matrons of the older states. Her domestic arrangements were such as to require the least amount of labour or care from her. There were no sofas, carpets, or other useless trumpery about her premises. Her wants were few and easily satisfied. She cared not what was the latest style of hat or dress; and as for shoes and stockings, they were regarded by her with the most "lofty despise." She had never cramped her understanding with any such effeminate fluency. She stood five feet eleven without shoes and stockings; her hair, which was the colour of a red fox (in the spring), was allowed to fall loosely about her brown shoulders, very much to the annoyance of her guests, who often

fancied they saw the ends of her locks making fantastic gyrations in the dish intended for their repast. The old woman was purely democratic in her domestic economy. She permitted her pigs, chickens, and all other live stock, to have free ingress to her house, and it was sometimes difficult, in a general *mélée* of pigs, calves, and half-naked children, to distinguish one from the other. All appeared to possess an equal share in her good graces. She was assisted in her ménage by a lank, half-starved sucker, who officiated, in the absence of her lord, as major domo, barkeeper, and hostler.

As the Judge drove up to the door, the old woman came out and said—

“Strang-ger, will ye tell me whar yer mought be gowin to put up, or prehaps you moughtn’t?”

“Yes, my dear madam, I fear we shall be under the necessity of throwing ourselves upon your hospitality for the night. I trust you will not put yourself to any inconvenience on our account, as any little spare corner you may be so kind as to allow us, will suffice to make us perfectly snug and comfortable. I hope, madam, your health has been very good since I had the pleasure of seeing you last; and how are all the little ones? Ah, I see they are looking superbly! Come here, my little man, and give me a kiss.”

The mammy twisted her face into what she intended for a smile, at this gracious salutation; but she looked more as if she was attempting Davy Crockett’s feat of grinning the bark off a white oak, while she replied—“Wall, old hoss, trot along into the cabin, and I’ll yell for Sucker to tote your hanimals to the crib.”

At this she set up a scream that would not have disgraced the lungs of a Sioux warrior.

Sucker soon made his appearance, and assisted the

Judge's servant to attend to the horses. Upon entering the cabin, and inquiring if they could have supper, he was told that such a luxury as meat had not been seen in their larder for several weeks; that corn dodgers and milk were the best fixings the house afforded, and these were very scarce. Fortunately for the Judge, he had provided himself with a ham to meet such contingencies before he left home. This was soon drawn from his pannier, and placed in the hands of Mammy, to be cooked for supper.

A very savory odour, issuing from the frying pan, soon diffused itself throughout the cabin, and found its way through the chinks of the logs to the olfactories of the Sucker at the stables, and made known to him the fact that a different kind of food was preparing from what he had seen for a long time. He soon found himself seated near the fire, and cast very significant and approving glances at the meat as it hissed, and turned over the hot coals of the mammy's fire.

Supper was, in due course of time, upon the table, and the old woman announced the welcome intelligence by saying—"Men, haul up!"

Before the Judge clearly comprehended this singular summons, the sucker was seated near the plate of ham, had commenced operations on the largest slice, and as the Judge drew his chair to the table, he said—

"Stranger, if that thar bacon aint sour, may I be choked to death with a raw corn dodger. Don't be bashful, hoss, make a dash and go ahead; don't be backward bout goin' far'ard!"

The Judge was so much astonished at the impudence of the fellow, that he could say nothing, but looked on in amazement. The sucker laid in lustily—slice after slice disappeared through his voracious jaws, until only one piece remained upon the platter. As bacon was rather

scarce at this time of year, he concluded he would, upon this particular occasion, infringe a little upon the rules of etiquette, and made a thrust with his fork at the remaining slice. The Judge, who had been watching his operations in mute astonishment, had hardly commenced. As every slice disappeared from the platter, the chances of going to bed supperless continued to increase; this, together with the fact that his servant had not suppered, threw him completely off his balance when the last piece was about to be taken. He thereupon seized a fork in both hands, raised it perpendicularly over the meat, and thrust it through it with tremendous force just as the sucker was in the act of raising it from the platter, and leaning over the table towards him at the same time, he said—

“Are you aware, sir, that this meat is mine, and that I do not intend you shall have any more?”

“I war not aware of that, hoss, but a ham, like a turkey, are a monstrous onconvenient bird—a little too much for one, and not quite enough for two. I’m done—I’ll absquatulate.”

He then retired from the table, and left the Judge to finish his supper. This over, they collected around the fire, and passed off the evening in listening to several amusing anecdotes from the Judge. One of them I venture to relate, although it will appear in print but weak and feeble when compared to the rich, racy, quaint, and humorous style in which it came from his lips:—

When I came to the Western country I took the route by New Orleans, and then embarked on a steamboat for St. Louis. Boats were much longer in making the trip then than they are at present, and passengers were compelled to resort to every expedient to while away the dull monotony of the voyage. We had on board a heterogeneous mass of humanity from all parts of the United States.

There was the backwoodsman and the Yankee, whose manners presented a very striking contrast, although originally coming from the same primitive stock. Yet the force of habit, association, and necessity, have made them antipodes. The latter of my countrymen has the reputation for being very inquisitive, yet as far as my experience goes, I must confess the Western man manifests as great a desire to obtain personal information, as his countryman farther East. For example, I met with one man who approached me, and without any preliminaries, said—

“Wall, steamboat, whar ar you from?”

Knowing from his enunciation that he was a Western man, and might be prejudiced against a Yankee, I replied—“I’m from Virginia.”

“What part of Virginia?”

“Let me see—I’m from Norfolk.”

“Ah! I know a heap of folks in Norfolk. You know Mike Trotter?”

“No.”

“Know Jake Johnson?”

“No, I believe not.”

“Don’t know Jake? I thought everybody knew Jake. I suppose you know Billy Bennett?”

“I believe I——that is, I presume I do.”

“Presume! of course you do, if you war raised in Norfolk. How did Billy get out of that scrape with Sam Smith?”

“Well, I declare I’ve almost forgotten; but it strikes me that he settled it by arbitration, or something of that sort.”

“Settled the devil! Look here, steamboat, I b’lieve you’re a d—d sight more of a Yankee than a Virginian!”

It was not long before another son of the West walked up to me, and said—

“Wal, hoss, I reckon thar’s no harm in asking whar you war raised?”

Having a compunctious streak pass over me about this time, I concluded that I would set at defiance local prejudices, and tell the truth. I replied—“Me? I’m from Connecticut, sir.”

“Connecticut! Connecticut! Con-net-ti-cut!” Closing up his left eye, and turning up the right towards the hearers—“I never hearn of that place afore, if I did d—n me.”

Among the passengers who came aboard at New Orleans was a “split me” young buck from New York, on a tour of pleasure through the Western States. He had never before been far from Broadway, and he regarded the time spent away from that fashionable resort as so much time thrown away; it was a blank in his existence that could never be filled up. He had been but a few weeks absent, and was already becoming disgusted with the country, and longed to return to the gayeties of the city. His peculiarities were new to the backwoodsmen, and he was looked upon by them as an original, as belonging to a genus of the race biped of which they had before no conception. He had brought with him from the city all the paraphernalia of the wardrobe and toilet, and among other things, a very beautiful rose-wood dressing case, one of Tiffany’s latest importations. It stood in a conspicuous place in the gents’ cabin, and soon attracted the observation of the backwoodsmen.

Their curiosity was raised, and there were numerous speculations as to its use. One thought it a money-box, one a gun-case, and others, and the most knowing ones, that it was a Faro-box. The latter opinion, after a good deal of discussion, prevailed, and they arrived at the una-

nimous conclusion that the Broadway gent was a travelling "Leg" in disguise.

Thereupon they resolved to give him an invitation to "open," and collecting together in the forward cabin, they appointed one of their number to intimate to the gentleman that his presence there with the necessary "tools," would be agreeable to them.

The messenger was a double-fisted Mississippian, who soon found the exquisite, and approaching him, with the right side of his face screwed up until the eye on that side closed, (intending it for a sly wink,) and beckoning with his finger towards him at the same time, said in a low tone of voice—

"It's all right, my boy; get out your old 'sody box' and come along, and give us a 'turn.'"

The dandy looked in perfect amazement as he said—"Ah—ah—ah!—what do you mean, fellow?"

"I say it's all O. K. down there"—pointing with his finger over his left shoulder—"thar's three or four of us down river boys ready to start the fires with a small pile of 'chips.' You understand, now, so come along—come along."

"Dem you, sa, what do you mean? I declare I don't comprehend you, fellar."

"Oh, come along, we'll put 'er through straight from the mark, and pile on the chips until we bust you, or get bust ourselves; so don't try to play possum on this child. I say it aint no use."

At this the dandy walked off in a furious passion, considering himself most grossly insulted, saying—"Ah, Captain, I believe—'pon me honour I do—that the savage fellar means to blow up the boat!"

The sporting gents could not understand this, and they watched his motions all day, following him from one

place to another. Go where he would they were sure to keep him in sight. Having occasion to go to his dressing case before night, they all collected around him, and looked over his shoulder while he was unlocking it. On raising the lid, the first article that presented itself was a pair of boot-hooks. When they saw this, one of them turned away with an air of disgust, saying to the others—“Why he’s one of them d—d dentistry chaps, after all.”

Finding that they were not likely to get up a game, they were forced to resort to other expedients to while away the dull monotony of the voyage; and as the New Yorker was very credulous, some of them amused themselves at his expense by relating to him the most improbable tales of backwoods adventures, hair-breadth escapes from savage wild beasts, the dangers of navigating Western rivers, blowing up of steamboats, running foul of snags, &c., &c. He swallowed them all, and they had such an effect upon his imagination, that he was afraid to venture out of sight of the boat when it stopped to take in wood, for fear, as he said, of “encountering a bear, or some other howible creature.” He was constantly on the *qui vive* at night, expecting some accident to the boat, and would pace the deck for hours together, trembling at every puff of the engine, as if he expected the next to send him to the bottom. Seeing the captain come on deck one night, he approached him, when the following dialogue ensued:

“Ah—ah—ah, captin, do you really have any sewious accidents upon this howible river?”

“Accidents! my dear fellow! as a matter of course we do.”

“Ah! and pray, captin! what is the nature of them?”

“Oh, sometimes we run foul of a snag, or sawyer; then again, we occasionally collapse a boiler and blow up sky high.”



“The devwal you do! you don’t say so! does anybody ever get killed, capting?”

“Nothing is more common, my good fellow; but we soon get used to such little things, and don’t mind them. If we get up to St. Louis without an accident, we may consider ourselves extremely fortunate.”

The dandy looked perfectly aghast, and turned blue at this announcement.

“How perfwectly howible, capting! I wish I was back in Bwoadway again, by quist I do.”

By the time the Judge had finished this story it was bedtime, and the mammy made up a field couch upon the floor in front of the fire, to which she consigned all her guests: the Judge took the soft side of a pine puncheon, and ensconcing himself as comfortably as possible, was soon courting the embraces of Morpheus. The family disappeared one by one, until finally none remained. Everything had become perfectly still and quiet, except the measured and sonorous breathing of the sucker, upon whom the ham appeared to operate as a powerful opiate. The Judge had fallen into a restless doze, and was dreaming of hungry suckers and cannibals. He fancied himself upon a boundless prairie, pursued by a pack of suckers on all fours, following him with the speed of race-horses, and giving tongue at every jump like so many bloodhounds; but instead of unmeaning howls, their enunciation was distinct and audible, every note of which fell upon his ears like a death-knell—it seemed to say “h-a-m! h-a-m-m! h-a-a-m-m!” He exerted himself to the utmost to escape his savage pursuers, but notwithstanding all his efforts, they appeared to gain on him.

“And on, on, on! no stop, no stay!

Up hill, down dale, and far away!”

He occasionally cast his eyes back to see if they did not begin to tire, but no ; the further they went, the faster they came. They bounded over hill and valley, with the constant cry of h-a-m, h-a-m-m, h-a-a-m-m ! until finally, the Judge, becoming weak and exhausted, sank down upon the prairie, and awaited the coming of the foremost sucker, who, foaming at the mouth, and snapping his teeth like a hungry wolf, seized him by the thigh with his teeth, and threw him over his head. Turning around, he seized him again, and repeated the operation, until the Judge fancied the features of his face became changed into those of a hog. He ventured to put out his hand to ascertain if it was tangible, when a sensation of cold ran through his frame, and a tremendous punch in the ribs, accompanied with an ugh—ugh—ugh—awoke him.

He found to his great astonishment that his hand was holding a hog by the snout, that had taken possession of the side of his bed nearest the door, and was manifesting his displeasure at the familiarity of the Judge by the savage grunts that had awakened him. Being an old voyager, he did not let this little mishap disturb him in the least, but very quietly and deliberately raised a puncheon, which he found loose under his bed, and thrusting down mister hog, he closed the hole, and slept quietly until morning.

The next morning he arose early and resumed his journey, leaving the sucker and the mammy in great distress at the supposed loss of their pig.

## A RUNNING FIGHT UPON THE RACKENSAC.

IN the Fall of 1836, I found myself in Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, and very tired, too, of that "brisk" little city. I came to the determination, therefore, of leaving it, and going down the river.

As ill luck would have it, there was but one boat bent upon the downward trip, and that a small one, a very small one indeed. To look at her as she lay by the landing, she reminded you of a large hen-coop, with a stove-pipe sticking out of the roof. She was so small that the most remote point of her that you could reach from the furnace, was just near enough to submit you to the agreeable process of a slow baking; and heaven knows an Arkansas sun is, about this season, hot enough of itself. She was named the "Olive Branch," though a less appropriate name could hardly have been thought of—for instead of being a boat of pacific principles, she was the most quarrelsome, card-playing, whiskey-drinking little craft, it has ever been my misfortune to put my foot upon. Thoroughly tired, however, of "life in Little Rock," I had made up my mind to leave it; so on the morning of the boat's departure, I stepped aboard, paid my passage-money, and was soon on my way down stream. My fellow-passengers amounted to about two dozen—rough-looking fellows—hunters, planters, traders, and "legs," all on their way for the lower country.

About ten miles below Little Rock, our captain put in to the shore, and took on board a tall lathy gentleman, with a peculiarly hang-dog look, whom I had frequently seen in the city, and who went by the *sobriquet* of "THE COLONEL." I imagine that he held some public office in the "Rackensac" capital.

The evening before our departure I had accidentally overheard the following fragment of a dialogue between him and the captain of the "Olive Branch."

"You'll take me through for two hundred, cap'n?"

"Three hundred, Kernel—*three*—not a figger less."

"Too much, cap'n—say two-fifty?"

"No! three hundred—look at the risk!"

"Oh, hang the risk!"

"Besides, it hurts the reputation of the boat."

"Say you'll take two-seventy!"

"No! the even three hundred. I'll take you through as slick as goose grease—I've said it, and by —— I'll do it, in spite of all."

"Well, I suppose you must have it—here; you'll find me in Willis's Woods, ten miles below. What time will you be down?"

"By ten in the morning, or a leetle after."

"Very well, I'll wait for you."

So saying, the Colonel walked off, and I saw no more of him until he became my fellow passenger at Willis's Woods.

From what I had heard and seen, I concluded that he had found the "Rock" a little too hot for him. All this, however, was no business of mine; and getting as far from the furnace as I could, I sat down by the after guard, determined upon making myself as comfortable as circumstances would permit. The excessive heat had made me drowsy, and I soon fell fast asleep.

“They are comin’, captin! they’re comin’! By ——, that’s old Waley on the gray! I could tell him ten miles off!”

These words, with an unusual running to and fro over the boat, awoke me from my nap, and on starting up and looking towards the shore, I beheld about a dozen horsemen coming at full gallop down the bank of the river, and apparently endeavouring to overtake the boat. They were mostly dressed in jeans’ coats, with broad-brimmed white hats, and each of them balanced upon his left shoulder about six feet of a Kentucky rifle. They were the sheriff and his posse in pursuit of a runaway defaulter, who was supposed to be on board the “Branch.”

“What’s to be done, cap’n?” inquired the Colonel, evidently alarmed at the approach of the sheriff’s party.

“Done! why, nothing! Do you s’pose I’m goin’ to let that party stop my boat?”

“But they may fire upon you!”

“Let them fire and be ——! Didn’t I expect all that? Here, Bill! Nick! get out the muskets, and make ready to handle ’em! Look out, passengers! go to larboard and get behind the cabin! Now, Nettles, keep her close to the bank, and give ’em a wide berth! Do you hear?”

Not having any ambition to be killed in the quarrel of an Arkansas defaulter, I took the captain’s hint and got behind the cabin, where I found most of my fellow passengers already assembled. We had hardly ensconced ourselves in a safe corner, when the voice of “Old Waley” roared out from the shore—

“Stop the boat, or we’ll fire into her!”

“Fire and be ——!” was the captain’s reply.

He had hardly uttered the words, when a bullet was

heard crashing through the glass top of the wheel-house. I could not help thinking that Mr. Nettles, the pilot, was placed in rather a nettlish position, but it appeared afterwards that the lower part of the wheel-house was lined with strong sheet-iron, and was bullet-proof. Whether this precaution had been taken in anticipation of such skirmishes, I never learnt; at all events, it was useful in the present emergency, as Mr. Nettles, in a crouching position, could sufficiently manage the boat, while he was sheltered from the shot to all intents and purposes.

*Bang! — spang! — whiz!* and several bullets came crashing through the slight frame-work of the cabin-windows; some struck the wheel-house, while others glanced upon the iron chimneys, causing them to ring and vibrate.

But our captain, upon his side, was not idle, and a volley of musketry from the crew sent two or three of the sheriff's officers sprawling upon the bank.

In this way a running fire was kept up for several miles—the boat going at the top of her speed—while the sheriff and his posse kept pace with her, galloping along the bank, loading and firing in their stirrups.

Victory, however, at length declared for our captain—for the river gradually widened, and as the boat was kept close to the larboard bank, the rifle bullets fell far short of their mark. Seeing this, the pursuing party were reluctantly compelled to halt, expressing in their looks and gestures the highest degree of anger and mortification.

“Come, boys,” shouted the captain, “give them a last volley and a cheer!”

A volley of musketry was followed by loud cheering from every part of the little boat, in which even the

passengers joined, so exciting is the cheer of victory, even in a bad cause.

“Now, Kernel,” cried the captain, “I’ve got you out of a tarnal scrape—ten thousand at least—so we expect you to stand treat for all hands! Hurrah! bring on the licker!”

**THE END.**







THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE  
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS  
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN  
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY  
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH  
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY  
OVERDUE.

FEB 7 1944

NOV 11 1974 3 4

I [REDACTED] MAR 02 '75

Durke, I. A., ed.

po

Polly Peablossom's  
wedding

FEB 7 1944

JAN 24 1944

M147836

7.7h

515'

00

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

